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THE VICTORY IN ZULULAND.

THE news of Lord CHELMSFORD'S victory at Ulundi on the 4th of July has been received with universal satisfaction. There is now for the first time a definite prospect of concluding the war; the military honour which had been compromised at Isandula has been fully retrieved; and the losses incurred are not severe in comparison with the advantage obtained. Although personal considerations are not to be placed on a level with public interests, it is pleasant to know that the decisive struggle has taken place before Lord CHELMSFORD was superseded. He has been subjected to some well-founded criticism, and to many ungenerous attacks. The final success of a campaign which he has organized and conducted will enable him to lay down the chief command with his reputation happily re-established. Thirty years ago a general engaged in a still more serious war experienced a similar change of fortune. After the doubtful engagement at Chillianwallah, Sir CHARLES NAPIER was sent out at a day's notice to assume the chief command in India; but before his arrival Lord GOUGH had been fortunate enough to win a decisive victory at Guzerat. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY will be charged with the conclusion of peace, either by negotiation with CETEWAYO or by the transfer to another chief of the conquered portion of the country. There can be no doubt that ample precautions will be taken against a renewal of the war.

There had previously been reason to hope that the contest was drawing to an end. Vague and hesitating overtures for peace indicated vacillation on the part of CETEWAYO, and division of opinion among his chiefs and councillors. Lord STRATHNAIRN will perhaps now regret that he has, in a formal notice of motion, condemned the plan and conduct of the campaign. Such a censure on a general commanding an army by an eminent officer of the highest rank has no precedent, and, it may almost be said, no justification. Less weight is to be attached to the discreditable attacks on Lord CHELMSFORD by newspaper Correspondents, to whom he has probably given personal offence. The gratification of public curiosity furnishes no equivalent for the mischief which is done by the modern purveyors of military scandal in time of war. A general ought to have nerves of iron to retain his equanimity when he knows that spiteful libellers are daily collecting for publication proofs of his incapacity, timidity, or rashness. During the Afghan war the papers frequently published information which was probably transmitted within a few days to the enemy. It is only an accidental piece of good fortune that CETEWAYO cannot read, and that there is no telegraph in Zululand. Correspondents and their principals would not hesitate to sacrifice the safety of the army to the satisfaction of publishing the earliest news and the most malignant criticism. It is but fair to record the abstinence of the *Times* during the South African campaign from the unseemly practices of some other journals. It is to be regretted that Lord STRATHNAIRN should have added the sanction of his high authority to the practice of inflicting premature censure on a general engaged in active operations. No public advantage could in the present instance result from an unusual and ungenerous proceeding. Lord CHELMSFORD had been already relieved of the command-in-chief; and probably the campaign will be concluded before Lord STRATH-

NAIRN'S condemnatory opinion can be known at the seat of war.

Until full accounts have been received in England, it is only by a process of divination that a final judgment can be formed of the strategy which has been adopted. Although the Zulus have on several occasions proved themselves formidable enemies, their resistance has not been even a secondary cause of the long delay in Lord CHELMSFORD'S advance. Without oxen, and grass or fodder for the oxen, an army cannot move in Zululand; and the difficulties of obtaining transport cannot yet be fully appreciated. A more rapid advance might probably have been effected, but at the risk of removing the army too far from its supplies. It is a commonplace of military doctrine that it is, above all things, necessary to keep communications open; and the activity and skill of the Zulus have rendered unusual solicitude necessary in the present war. It had been known before the late battle that CETEWAYO recognized the mistake committed by his officers in attacking the English troops when they were protected by entrenchments. It was expected that he would offer battle, if at all, while the army was on its march. In the meantime detachments moving far more rapidly than the invading army were only prevented by due precautions from intercepting convoys and isolated columns. The absence of any check or disaster for some time past may fairly be attributed to Lord CHELMSFORD'S prudence and vigilance. According to the accounts which were received a week ago, he had at last reached the KING'S principal stronghold, though he had not been able to force the enemy to an engagement. Several camps or kraals had been destroyed; and while the main Zulu force had retreated, a considerable number of deserters had surrendered. There was little expectation of taking the KING himself prisoner; but it is now hoped that, if he is forced to take refuge in a remote part of his dominions, the bulk of his army will disband itself. According to rumours which require authentication, the older men had from the first deprecated war, and the younger men were beginning to incline to the same opinion. Such stories are not to be received with implicit confidence, but they perhaps bear some relation to the real state of the case.

Colonel STANLEY, in reply to a question in the House of Commons, lately said that the instructions to Sir GARNET WOLSELEY on the terms of peace were only general and verbal. He was to make peace as soon as he could obtain honourable terms and sufficient security, but the actual conditions were left to his discretion, except perhaps that he is prohibited from annexing the whole or part of the territory of the Zulus. As he passed through Cape Town Sir GARNET WOLSELEY was warned by the Prime Minister of the colony that a patched-up peace would be followed by future native wars. In his judgment Natal would be lost, and the English possessions in South Africa would be endangered, unless the power of CETEWAYO was effectually crushed. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY appears not to have returned any definite answer; but Mr. SPRIGG informed the Cape Parliament that he was satisfied with the language and the tone of the new CHIEF COMMISSIONER. It will not be possible after the war to continue the truce or tacit understanding by which the neighbouring colonies were provisionally secured against invasion on the part of the Zulu KING. It is now necessary that he should give security for his peaceable behaviour, and, above all, that he should be convinced that he is the

weaker belligerent. South African politicians still harp on the demand that young Zulu soldiers should be allowed to marry, or, in other words, that the regular army should be disbanded. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, who is no novice in the politics of South Africa, cannot but be convinced that the power of CETEWAYO must be broken, if future wars are to be avoided, or even to be postponed for any considerable time. The question whether the war was in the first instance necessary no longer possesses practical importance.

Sir BARTLE FREER, who has ceased to control the issues of war or peace, continues on every suitable occasion to reiterate the opinion which he has expressed in a more practical form than by verbal assertion. He judiciously abstains from direct criticism of the policy of the Colonial Office, though, if Sir BARTLE FREER is in the right, the Government which has censured and superseded him must necessarily have been in the wrong. At the Cape Sir BARTLE FREER finds an appreciative audience when he once more asserts his conviction that CETEWAYO had meditated war, and that his designs could only have been checked by defensive measures, which again involved the necessity of counter attacks. In his apologies he fails to explain his reasons for commencing the war with an utterly inadequate force. CETEWAYO has abundantly proved, at Isandula and elsewhere, the soundness of Sir BARTLE FREER's estimate of his power; but the collision might have been disastrous if reinforcements on a scale which was not contemplated by the HIGH COMMISSIONER had not been received after the beginning of the war. Any defects which may be pointed out in Sir BARTLE FREER's arguments are locally supplied in the enthusiastic approval of his measures by the colony. On his arrival at Cape Town the GOVERNOR was sumptuously entertained by a large party of the principal inhabitants, including the Ministers, the Judges, and other colonial magnates. Eloquent speeches were exchanged between the local admirers of the GOVERNOR's policy and Sir BARTLE FREER himself, who was not sparing in his admiration of the institutions and administrators of the Cape. No other civilized community, he said, had been equally successful or equally liberal in its adjustment of relations with natives; and he left the audience to infer that the people of the Cape were competent judges of the manner in which the Zulus should in their turn be reclaimed. If Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has really been entrusted with absolute discretion, he will perhaps insist on maintaining in Zululand an influence which may afterwards be converted into sovereignty. It is sometimes cheaper to govern savages permanently than to fight them at intervals.

MR. BRIGHT ON INDIA.

A MEETING has been held to hear an exposition of the grievances which the natives of India are said to be suffering or imagining; and over this meeting Mr. BRIGHT was asked to preside, not so much on account of his general eminence, as on account of the special interest he has long felt and shown in India. To this meeting Mr. BRIGHT made a speech which naturally was exactly such a speech as he might be expected to make. It was full of lofty sentiments and high feeling. The points selected were handled with the skill of a practised speaker. The general conclusion was deduced with telling effect, and was, if shortly stated, that India was not being governed as Mr. BRIGHT would wish it to be governed, and was in a very bad way. On the other hand, his speech left, as his speeches are apt to leave, the impression that in his special criticism he was not quite fair to his opponents, and not quite careful enough about his facts; and that in his general criticism he saw only the errors or shortcomings of the Government of India, and did not realize the difficulties with which it has to deal. But, if we wish the affairs of India to become a matter of general interest in England, we must accept the inevitable consequences of the process which we favour. A topic of general interest must be handled according to the tastes and prepossessions of various minds. There is the official mind, which looks through rosy spectacles on all that any Government has done or proposed. There is the impartial mind, which only seeks to get at the facts, and is equally disinclined to reverence or to condemn officialism. There is, again, the burning philanthropic

mind, which figures a lofty ideal, and, contrasting with this ideal the real as it exists, views what it discovers in the blackest possible colours. Mr. BRIGHT's speech may be regarded not as an exposition of what India is, but as an incentive to the ignorant but docile British public to try to make India all that it can become. Unless such speakers as Mr. BRIGHT made such speeches as that which he has just made, there would be no easy means by which a thought for India could root itself in the English public mind. From this point of view it may even be said that Mr. BRIGHT's speech was more valuable than it would have been if it had been more true. Further it is unavoidable that under some circumstances public criticism of Indian affairs should assume more of a party character than is in itself desirable. The Government of the day acts in regard to India as it thinks fit. If English opinion is to be formed on the administration of India, the acts of the Government must be freely and publicly criticized. When the criticism is that of the platform, not of the press, it must be made by persons whose position and reputation command a hearing. As the adherents of a Conservative Government are sure to be silent as to all their leaders have done, and have done not very well, leading Liberals must perform the office. Mr. BRIGHT was, we think, right in many of the criticisms he passed on recent acts of the Indian Government. The Licence-tax is a very harsh tax, and very unjust in its incidence. The Native Press Act was a very arbitrary measure, although it ought always to be remembered that but for Lord CRANBROOK it would have been much more arbitrary than it is. The VICEROY was, to say the least, most imprudent in declaring, with a falling silver market, that the produce of the new taxes would be religiously kept apart, and devoted exclusively to protection against famine. But when these charges are recounted by a Liberal leader, they necessarily assume the character of a party attack. They are weapons of offence against a Conservative Government in the hands of the member for Birmingham.

Minor criticisms of this sort, however, sink into insignificance beside the two main topics of Mr. BRIGHT's speech—the composition and cost of the Indian army, and the employment of natives. With regard to the army, Mr. BRIGHT takes what he considers to be the broad facts. We spend nearly half the net revenue of India on the army; and, in order to get so much money for the army, we are obliged to subject the natives to a system of taxation so grinding that their lives are made miserable. We have no right to make millions of human beings utterly miserable in order that we may have the pleasures of conquest and they the benefits of tranquillity. If we can do no better than this we are doing more harm than good in India, and had better clear out. But we can do better. We can reduce our military force; and Mr. BRIGHT thinks he can give very good reasons why this should now be possible. He compares our present British force of 60,000 with the British force of 40,000 which was all that the Company thought necessary in the old days before the Mutiny. Mr. BRIGHT considers it to be absurd that we should now want half as many more British troops as we used to think necessary. There are many excellent reasons why we should want fewer British troops rather than more. The native army was, as the Mutiny showed, a danger; but the native army has been greatly reduced, and therefore the danger is smaller. The population has been disarmed, or is being disarmed, under a recent Act, so that our soldiers will soon be the only armed men among an unarmed population. The experience of twenty years, too, has shown how docile and obedient the natives are, and how easy it is to keep them down, if only we do not stir them to madness by the injustice of our taxation. Railways, too, have been made over a large part of India, and the facility of transport has doubled or trebled the effective strength of our forces. Even if we had only 40,000 British troops in India, they would practically be as strong as 120,000 would have been before the Mutiny. These are the calculations of Mr. BRIGHT; but there is scarcely any one of these calculations which it is easy to accept. We do not know where the evidence is to be found that the general system of Indian taxation is of a grinding and desolating character. It is true that the Indian Government has lately put on some objectionable taxes, and it is a very serious thing that a Government should have to own that the limit of possible taxation has been reached. But a comparatively slight relief to the taxpayer would put him in a fairly good position. If the cost of the army

could be reduced by even a couple of millions, the remission of two millions in the taxes would be so great a relief to the taxpayer that he would have little cause to complain of the burdens that he would still have to bear. If we are to spend less on the army, we must either reduce the number of our troops or spend less on them. At the first blush it would seem that, far from 60,000 being an extravagantly large force, it is a cause for legitimate wonder that the conquerors of India can hold their conquest with a force so trifling in comparison with the numbers of the conquered. It is true we have reduced the native army, and very wisely entrust our great arsenals exclusively to the keeping of British troops. This makes the danger of another mutiny less; but in a country like India there are certain things that soldiers must do, and if there are fewer native troops to do them, there must be more British. A Disarming Act sounds very well, and seems to place the population at our mercy; but a Disarming Act is mere waste paper unless there is an overwhelming force to disarm the population, and to keep it disarmed. Railways, again, tell both ways. They assist our soldiers in case of war or actual disturbance; but they bring the natives together, make the whole conquered population understand that it is conquered, and suggest the comparison between the many who are kept down and the few who keep them down. It will be long before any responsible English statesman undertakes to answer for the safety of India with a British force much less than now exists. But there is every reason to suppose that we could keep 60,000 men in India for much less money than we now spend for the purpose. A British force in India will always be an expensive force; but good management will reduce the expense. Public opinion in England has already spurred the Government to consider how that can be done, and the influence of English public opinion could not have been exercised in a more salutary direction; for the unnecessary part of the cost of the Indian army is really in a great measure incurred, not to meet the wants of India, but to please those who have thought proper to give a particular shape to the English army.

The gentleman who came to the meeting as the special representative of the natives stated that those as whose deputy he offered himself had countless other grievances, but that the one great grievance of which they had to complain was that they had no share in the government of their own country. If by this they meant what Englishmen would mean who used the same words—that is, that they do not elect people who can determine whether the Government shall or shall not be allowed to do what it wishes to do—they might as well be crying for the moon. Parliamentary government in India would mean chaos, and nothing else; and if we are to have chaos in India, we can secure it more quickly, and with much less annoyance and trouble to ourselves, by merely going away. Mr. BRIGHT at once reduced the grievance to reasonable proportions by affecting to understand it as a complaint that scarcely any natives find their way into the Indian Covenanted Civil Service. He easily showed that for nearly half a century the Government of India has been pledged in the most solemn manner to admit natives to every office, however high, for which they are fit; that, except by competition, no natives have got into the Covenanted Service; that very few have got in by this means; and that now the system of competition is so worked that it is virtually impossible that a native should henceforth get in by competition. All this is undeniable. We have been very reluctant to trust the higher posts of administration to natives, because experience has shown that it is a very rare thing for natives to be fit for such posts. Experience has further shown that competition is the very worst method possible of ascertaining who are the exceptional natives that are fit for such posts. Competition does not succeed very well in England, partly because no examination can show who are likely to be the best Civil Servants; partly because an appointment in India is no longer looked on as a great prize; and partly because the ideas of the Indian Government and those of the masters of public schools as to what is meant by a good education differ, and the ordinary public schoolboy must leave his school at an early age, if he wishes to get into the Civil Service of India. But in India competition must be a hopeless failure, for the native who gets in by an examination is as unfit to take part in government as any one could possibly be. If natives

are to be introduced into the Civil Service, it can only be by personal selection, and the Government is now going to try the experiment of admitting natives whom the most experienced administrators think specially qualified. One-sixth part of those appointed in each year are to be thus appointed; and it is thought that, if the native Civil Servants are only in the proportion of one native to five Englishmen, they cannot do much harm, and occasionally a native may turn out a brilliant success. To appoint six natives a year out of two hundred millions as members of the Civil Service is certainly to give the natives an infinitesimal share in the government of their country. But it will please some few; it will encourage a few more; it will occasionally bring in a man who will be a gain; and it goes as far as it seems at present possible to go without spoiling the service.

SIR CHARLES DILKE'S MOTION.

SIR CHARLES DILKE may perhaps have attained the object of his motion, as far as it was not of a party character, by eliciting the speeches of Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF and Mr. BOURKE. Lord SALISBURY's despatch to Sir H. LAYARD, dated on the 12th of June, had already shown that there is no difference of principle between the Government and the Opposition. In the instructions by which the English AMBASSADOR was to be guided in the Conference at Constantinople Lord SALISBURY made no reserves. He had previously hesitated to include Janina in the territory to be surrendered by Turkey to Greece; but, in consenting to enter a Conference in which all, or nearly all, the Powers are favourable to the claims of Greece, the English Government practically accepts beforehand the decision of the majority. Lord SALISBURY has in the previous negotiations attached considerable importance to the difficulties caused by the possible resistance of the Albanian population. Sir C. DILKE referred with admiring approval to Prince BISMARCK's declaration that there was no such thing as an Albanian nationality, or that, if there was, it ought in the interests of civilization to be suppressed as soon as possible. An English Minister cannot afford to practise an equally contemptuous disregard for the pretensions of warlike tribes which may probably object to the compulsory transfer of their allegiance. The Albanians who were interested in the determination of the frontier of Montenegro murdered MEHEMET ALI, the Commissioner of the Porte, and otherwise gave much trouble. It is said that there are a million Albanians in Epirus and the neighbouring districts, and it is possible that they may be the true heirs of the race which, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, founded Greek civilization in those regions three thousand years ago. For the present, their capacity of disturbance is more relevant to the question than their latent aptitude for culture. On the whole, it may be affirmed that Janina ought to be included in the new boundaries of the kingdom. Mr. BOURKE indicated the future decision of the Conference when he admitted that Janina was an essentially Greek city.

There would have been no reason to prevent the Government from accepting Sir C. DILKE's Resolution if it had not been in form and in purpose a vote of censure. A direction on the part of the House of Commons that the Government shall follow a certain course of policy is rightly understood to express want of confidence. The meaning of such a Resolution is still clearer when it can produce no other practical result. Sir C. DILKE is fully aware that the proceedings of the Conference cannot be accelerated by any interference which the English Government could attempt. He has probably little doubt that his immediate or professed object will be attained by compliance with the demands of Greece. M. WADDINGTON, who has taken a principal part in urging on the other Powers the transfer of the disputed territory, expressed a hope in one of his late despatches that the Conference would be unanimous; and he even objected to any record of proceedings in the shape of notes or protocols, on the ground that it was undesirable that possible differences of opinion should be made known to the litigants. As Lord SALISBURY seems not to have objected to the proposed course, there can be no doubt of the result of the impending deliberations. It is not, indeed, certain that the Porte has yet formally assented to be bound by the decisions of the Conference; but it may have been thought that it would be better to yield to

irresistible pressure than voluntarily to acquiesce in a virtual surrender of territory. The matter has probably been complicated and delayed by the late intrigues against the GRAND VIZIER. It is now stated that KHAIREDDIN has prevailed over his opponents, and that he has resumed office on the understanding that the SULTAN is no longer to meddle with the details of government; but, according to other accounts, the Ministerial crisis still continues. As a reasonable statesman, KHAIREDDIN will perhaps perceive that he ought, instead of struggling to diminish the cession required, to take the opportunity of obtaining securities against further aggression on the part of Greece. Lord SALISBURY has expressed the opinion that Turkey, by deferring to the counsels of Europe, would have a claim to some guarantee for future tranquillity, and Mr. GLADSTONE has told a Greek who consulted him that his own opinion was the same.

The other part of Sir C. DILKE's Resolution was wholly unnecessary. The Government, being responsible for the Treaty of Berlin, has every motive for encouraging and promoting compliance with its stipulations. It is impossible to ascertain whether more could have been done in the past year. The insinuation that the Government has been lax or negligent is not consistent with the facts. It was idle to complain that the Commission for organizing East Roumelia had not accomplished its labours within the three months allowed by the treaty. It is well known that at first Russian functionaries did their utmost to thwart the Commissioners, probably in the hope that East Roumelia would, in spite of the treaty, be united with Bulgaria. When the obstacles to action were removed or diminished, the Commissioners found it necessary to ask for an extension of time, which was properly accorded. Eight or nine months can scarcely be thought an unreasonable period to allow for the composition of an entirely novel Constitution by which the rights of different races and religions will be reconciled and secured, as far as laws and regulations can effect such objects. Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF has taken a principal part in framing a Constitution which must have impressed his Russian colleagues with surprise and envy. Before the lapse of a year from the close of the Congress of Berlin, East Roumelia has begun its career as a free province under a native Government. At a still earlier time, through the intervention of England, the institutions of Crete have been reformed, and the inhabitants now enjoy a kind of Constitution which a Christian Governor is charged to administer. It is highly probable that grievances still exist both in the island and on the continent; but the English Government has not been backward in promoting the welfare of the Christian subjects of Turkey. Its shortcomings apply rather to the Anglo-Turkish Convention than to the Treaty of Berlin, which alone is mentioned in Sir C. DILKE's Resolution. The state of Asia Minor is deplorable, and Lord SALISBURY's remonstrances have thus far produced no practical improvement. Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF is as eloquent as any Liberal politician in denouncing the corruption which prevails at Constantinople. The English Government is to blame, not because it fails to regenerate Turkey, but because it has wantonly pledged itself to an impossible enterprise. It is in vain that Lord SALISBURY has hitherto urged on the Turkish Government the immediate extension to the other European provinces of the Constitution which has been devised for East Roumelia. He is obliged to content himself with the reply that local inquiries are in progress, and that when they are completed, the results will be embodied in appropriate ordinances.

English politicians of all parties are too much inclined to require from foreign countries, as conditions of their goodwill, conformity with their own predilections. Sir C. DILKE applauds Prince BISMARCK because he insults the Albanians, whose pretensions at present conflict with the claims of Sir C. DILKE's Greek clients. The late Italian Ministry is, on the other hand, denounced because it was inclined to leave Janina to Turkey, in pursuance, as Sir C. DILKE chooses to assert, of some selfish intrigue. The new CAIROLI Government is honoured with Sir C. DILKE's condescending approbation because the PRIME MINISTER has on some former occasion professed a friendly disposition to Greece. Mr. GLADSTONE is, as on many former occasions, suspicious of the policy of Austria, which, as he thinks, cherishes schemes of territorial aggrandizement at the expense of Turkey. Responsible statesmen ought not to

proclaim their national antipathies. Mr. GLADSTONE will remain in some sense the chief of the Liberal party, though he may not choose to return to office. Sir C. DILKE's position in the House of Commons renders it probable that he will become a Minister; and he ought to cultivate the reserve which it may soon be his imperative duty to practise. Even unnecessary interference in the internal administration of Turkey is to be deprecated as useless and perhaps mischievous. It is not surprising that Mr. GLADSTONE should complain of the continuance of the notorious CHEFKET PASHA in high employment; but his denunciation of MIDHAT, now Governor-General of Syria, and the ablest and most vigorous of Turkish reformers, is less intelligible. The SULTAN and his Ministers have but little choice of competent administrators, and they ought to be supported in their employment of an efficient Governor who is known to be personally unacceptable at the Palace. According to Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF and many other authorities, the regeneration of Turkey is only to be attained by a process of decentralization; and by far the most effective check on the corrupt influences of Constantinople is the appointment of provincial Governors whose ability and reputation may secure to them a certain degree of independence. The triumph of KHAIREDDIN over OSMAN PASHA and the Russian instrument MAHMOUD NEDIF will, if it proves to be definitive, render Turkish reform less absolutely hopeless.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY DEBATE.

IF nothing but the words of a motion had to be considered in a division, Mr. SHAW's amendment ought to have been adopted by the House of Commons on Thursday. It is perfectly true that "no measure of University education can be considered satisfactory"—either in itself or to the people of Ireland—"which does not provide increased facilities for collegiate education as well as for the attainment of degrees." There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that the acceptance of this principle would tend to increase the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy in education. On the contrary, that influence will be very much greater in proportion as the students in the new Irish University are encouraged to prepare for the degree examination by private study rather than by residence in a college. If the new University is simply a repetition of the University of London—if it examines students from all quarters without asking how or where they have gained their knowledge, and if no inducement whatever is offered to these students to gain their knowledge by some process which shall bring them into continual and prolonged contact with one another—the conditions which an obscurantist clergy would most favour are at once created. Such students are left entirely to their books; and, provided that the clergy can ensure that no books which they think hostile to faith are prescribed by the University authorities, their end is at once gained. As the University authorities will very properly be indisposed to quarrel with a power which can virtually determine whether students shall come to them or not, it is safe to say that books objected to by the clergy will not be prescribed to the students. If, on the other hand, a large number of young men live together throughout their University career, their intercourse with one another becomes quite as important a part of their training as their intercourse with their teachers. Nothing is more dissolvent of established beliefs on all subjects than youthful criticism. It is almost a point of honour with the scholar to take a different view of every subject from that which is taken by his teachers. Every statement in a text-book, or in a professor's lecture, is challenged and debated; and even a weak attack by a man of his own age has often more influence on a student's mind than a strong defence by a man twenty years older than himself. Intellectual movements in Universities come from below at least as often as from above. The process of reaction and counter-reaction is always going on; and if, as in a Catholic University will ordinarily be the case, this reaction is not allowed to extend in any revolutionary degree to the teachers, the establishment of a permanent intellectual antagonism between the two classes is all the more probable. Of all the cries that Protestants or secularists have raised, the cry against the endowment of Roman Catholic colleges in connexion with an Irish University is the most shortsighted. To refuse such an

endowment, while consenting to the provision of prizes in the University itself, is to play into the hands of the Roman Catholic clergy.

Unfortunately the strength of a sentiment of this kind bears no relation to its reasonableness; and, however desirable the endowment of Roman Catholic Colleges in connexion with the proposed Irish University may be, there is very little chance of such a scheme finding favour with the House of Commons. Many Conservatives are opposed to the endowment of Roman Catholicism; many Liberals are opposed to the endowment of any religion; and there is a considerable chance that the combination of these two dislikes may exercise a very damaging influence even on so obedient a majority as that commanded by the present Government. The real question, therefore, at this moment is, whether the Government Bill offers any compromise which the moderate opponents and the moderate advocates of collegiate endowment may agree in accepting. Results fees, the former say, do not offer such a compromise; can the essential advantage of results fees be secured in any less objectionable form? Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S speech seems to contain the germ of such an arrangement. A clause is to be introduced into the Bill under which the Senate of the new University will be directed to prepare a scheme for the erection of buildings, the formation of a library, and the establishment of fellowships, scholarships, and other prizes, to be awarded solely for proficiency in subjects of secular instruction, and—it is these last words that point to a compromise—"in respect of either relative or absolute "proficiency." "Absolute proficiency" was defined by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE as "coming up to a test standard"; so that, supposing this clause to be adopted, there will be, besides fellowships and scholarships to be awarded after competitive examination, a number of money prizes varying with the number of students who show that they come up to a certain fixed standard of competence. In this way no public money will be paid to any denominational college. All that Parliament will be asked to do is to encourage the pass-men as well as the honour-men of the proposed University by annexing prizes to ordinary degrees as well as to honours. In this way the Government apparently hope to overcome the prejudice which refuses to put a farthing of public money into Roman Catholic hands, no matter how good may be the use which they are likely to make of it.

It is plain, however, that this plan will be of no practical value unless it minister indirectly to the maintenance of Roman Catholic colleges. What the Irish people want is something which shall combine University examinations and University residence. This object can only be attained by the foundation of one or more colleges of a kind to which Roman Catholic parents will be willing to send their sons; and such colleges cannot be founded without money. Under the O'CONNOR DON'S Bill results fees would have been paid to the manager of any college in return for every student who passed the University examinations. Under the Government Bill the results fees will be paid to the students themselves. At first sight this may seem a fatal difference; but it is one to surmount which will not, we suspect, prove beyond the power of Irish ingenuity. The problem is, given the provision of a certain money prize for every student who passes the degree examination, to make this prize available for the support of the college in which the student has received his education; and it may, we think, be solved by the very simple expedient of charging the student, in the shape of fees, the amount which he will receive in the shape of a prize. The student, or rather his parents or guardians, will be willing to pay these fees, because they will hope to recover them eventually under another name. This assumes, of course, that parents or guardians will be willing to send young men to a college to which they will in effect have to pay over the prize given on passing the ordinary degree examination. But this assumption would equally have had to be made in the case of results fees. If the Irish Roman Catholics want denominational colleges for their sons, they will be willing to forego money in order to obtain them, though they might not be willing, because not able, to pay money out of their own pockets. If it should prove that the Government Bill can be worked in this way, its authors will deserve credit for very considerable ingenuity in the framing of the new clause.

THE TOWER BRIDGE SCANDAL.

THE breach of privilege committed during the inquiry into the Tower High Level Bridge could not properly be passed over when it was brought to the notice of the House; but it has attracted quite as much attention as it deserved. The offence of pretending to be able to control the decision of a Select Committee has been mainly punished by exposure. The principal offender, having absconded, may safely return to England at the end of the Session; and his associate will suffer the inconvenience of remaining in custody during the same period. In the defence which he offered at the Bar of the House, the accessory urged in proof of his innocence considerations which ought to have prevented the commission of a grave indiscretion. It was, as he truly said, not likely that a solicitor in good practice, holding a respectable position, should, without any sufficient motive, become the organ of a client in a transaction which would have been extremely disreputable even if it had not involved a breach of privilege; and perhaps the folly which he blamed consisted not so much in the attempt to make a corrupt bargain, as in the act which rendered conviction certain. Unfortunately the improbable event actually occurred, perhaps in consequence of some obtuseness of moral perception. When the client had furnished evidence of his guilt under his hand, the solicitor only remarked that his conduct had been excessively absurd. It does not appear that Mr. WARD expressed surprise at the true version of the overtture which he supposed himself to have in the first instance wholly misunderstood; yet no professional knowledge was needed to explain the difference between a tender of information and an offer to exercise a mysterious control over the Committee. In his defence at the bar Mr. WARD introduced the novel and irrelevant suggestion that his client was related to a former firm of contractors, who were, as he asserted, also wharfingers on the Thames. An occasional speculator, of no fixed occupation, once a lieutenant in the Navy, could scarcely have been supposed by his own solicitor to possess a secret relating to the High Level Bridge, and worth 2,000*l.* The question between the Metropolitan Board of Works and the owners of wharfs above the site of the proposed bridge, though important, was perfectly simple. The petitioners complained that ships now frequenting their wharfs would not be able to pass under the bridge without lowering their topmasts, and that therefore a portion of their trade might be impeded or diverted to the Docks. The promoters replied that the operation would be easy and inexpensive, and that no substantial damage would be incurred. If Mr. WARD supposed that the ex-lieutenant could strengthen or weaken the evidence given on both sides by traders, engineers, and nautical experts, he must be too simple and credulous for his profession. His defence before the Select Committee and at the Bar was by much the worst feature in his case. If he had admitted his error in becoming the vehicle of an irregular and culpable offer, he would probably have escaped with a reprimand.

The Report of the Select Committee might have been easily anticipated in substance, though it could scarcely have been expected that it would be necessary to accuse both the offenders of deliberate falsehood. It was already known that a gross breach of privilege had been committed; but the House judiciously resolved to institute an inquiry into all the circumstances of the case. The appointment of a Committee was fully justified by the prevarications which could not have been fully examined and exposed on a formal hearing of the case at the Bar of the House. There was, indeed, little conflict of evidence as to the material facts; but the accused persons endeavoured to explain away their corrupt intent. The degrees of guilt of the two persons concerned are unequal. It is surprising that a solicitor should have consented to transmit a corrupt proposal from a non-professional client to the Parliamentary agent for a Bill, who was himself a stranger to both parties. The solicitor asserts that he intended only to convey the impression that his client could furnish information which would influence the judgment of the Committee. Mr. WARD may perhaps not have known that the evidence was closed; but his statement is directly contradicted, not only by Mr. HOOKER, but by the principal offender, Mr. GRISSELL, who, although he set Mr. WARD in motion, has not professed to have been in possession of any evidence or information. Instead of adopting

the story of his solicitor, Mr. GRISSELL relates a wild story about an anonymous letter which informed him that the wharfingers opposing the Bill thought that they could bribe the Committee. On the advice of his unknown friend he officiously undertook to investigate the project with the purpose of defeating or exposing it. He accordingly obtained through his complaisant solicitor an introduction to the representatives of the wharfingers, and at once informed them that he could control the decision of the Committee, and that for 2,000*l.* he would exert his influence to defeat the Bill. If Mr. WARD's statement had been true, Mr. GRISSELL would have been more likely to confirm it than to devise his own incredible explanation.

It is to be regretted that the written offer which furnishes evidence of his guilt was dictated by the solicitor for the wharfingers. Encouragement of crime even for the purpose of ensuring conviction is, if not unjustifiable, at least inexpedient. There was a kind of stupid good faith in signing a confession of guilt on the demand of a stranger who was erroneously believed to be an accomplice. At one stage of the proceedings GRISSELL attempted to excite compassion by stating that he had suffered from delirium tremens. It is certain that his dishonesty was largely mingled with folly. His ulterior design can only be conjectured, as it was never disclosed. A confused understanding may perhaps have imagined more than one absurd device for obtaining money. GRISSELL offered to prove his influence by causing the Committee to insist on a claim of compensation to the wharfingers which, as the promoters had already announced, would be fatal to the Bill. If the Committee had declared a purpose of inserting a compensation clause, GRISSELL may have been sanguine enough to think that the wharfingers would have attributed the result to his influence with the Committee. Another chance of profit might have been furnished by the opportunity of threatening his supposed confederates with exposure. Some notion of the kind must have been floating in his mind when he constructed the theory which he propounded to the Committee of Investigation. As a third contrivance he may perhaps have hoped to take advantage of a business acquaintance which he seems at some previous time to have formed with one of the members of the Committee. If he could have persuaded the promoters as well as the opponents that his influence had prevailed, he perhaps thought that he would establish a hold over the supposed recipients of the bribe. The only excuse for the delinquent is that he is a blundering simpleton as well as something worse. If his overtures had been treated in the first instance with indignant contempt, a vexatious inquiry might have been prevented.

The disgust which has been provoked by the rash attempt of a foolish adventurer is itself a proof of the purity of English tribunals, Parliamentary as well as legal. Forty or fifty years ago, when interested members were allowed to sit on Committees of indefinite numbers, it is said that indirect corruption was not unknown. On the Select Committees of recent times no member who has a personal interest in the result of the inquiry is allowed to sit, and it would be as useless and as dangerous to offer a bribe to the members of the Committee as to the Judges on the Bench. In semi-public Committees strong and avowed partisans are sometimes included, with the result of making the inquiry highly unsatisfactory; but the professed advocates, who are misplaced in a judicial position, are quite as free as their colleagues from all taint of corruption. The House of Commons has not yet fully understood that impartiality is as essential as honesty to judicial aptitude. By a singular perversity irregular Committees, including prejudiced members, are sometimes deliberately entrusted with inquiries which largely affect private interests. The ordinary Select Committees transact business much more regularly and more equitably. If they sometimes make mistakes they are uniformly upright, and the issues of public expediency which form the subject of their inquiries could not be submitted to more competent tribunals. The action of the House in the matter of the late imprudent overture will not encourage a repetition of the experiment.

THE BONAPARTISTS AND PRINCE NAPOLEON.

THE lines which will determine the immediate future of the Imperialist party in France seem at length to be described. Prince NAPOLEON has been accepted as the successor to Prince LOUIS by a majority of the Bonapartist Senators and Deputies present at a particular meeting. Even at this meeting a considerable minority voted in favour of a Resolution which made no mention of Prince NAPOLEON, and sought to identify the party, not with the Bonaparte family, but with the principles of order and social conservatism which "have always inspired the Imperial policy." As only 54 Senators and Deputies came to this meeting, out of a total of 115, the vote by which Prince NAPOLEON's claims were formally recognized is only the vote of a fraction of the entire party. Even the terms of the Resolution which was adopted show a misgiving on the part of its authors as to the impression it will make in the country. It begins by admitting that, by the death of the PRINCE IMPERIAL, Prince NAPOLEON "has become the chief and representative of the NAPOLEON family." But, having admitted this, it goes on to state that "the principle of a direct appeal to the freely-expressed will of France will remain the only means of securing a peaceful and legal agreement between the partisans of the national sovereignty." Fortunately we are not called upon to assign any precise meaning to this obscure phrase. It is enough to observe that the general drift of the Resolution is that Prince NAPOLEON is only accepted as the official candidate for the Imperial Crown. If Prince LOUIS had lived, nothing probably would have been heard about the ratification of his title by a direct appeal to the freely-expressed will of France. Such an appeal would have been made or omitted according as the expected result promised to be favourable or adverse to its authors. With Prince NAPOLEON as the future Emperor a more cautious strategy becomes expedient. The qualification of the hereditary principle by the principle of an appeal to the people is consequently insisted on. The French nation is reminded that all that it is asked to do is to recognize Prince NAPOLEON as the head of the BONAPARTE family; and, therefore, as the man whose claims to the Imperial throne must first be submitted to the popular vote. In this way it is hoped the objections felt towards Prince NAPOLEON's person and character may be toned down. As when the plebiscite is taken no one will be obliged to vote for him, there can be no harm in agreeing that it is about him and not about some one else that the vote shall, in the first instance, be taken.

The reconstruction of the Imperialist party would doubtless have been easier if Prince NAPOLEON had been willing to waive his own claims in favour of those of his son. With Prince VICTOR at their head, the loss of Prince LOUIS might almost have been an additional advantage to the Bonapartist cause. But when it appeared that Prince NAPOLEON was resolved to maintain his title, the party had only two alternatives to choose between. As they could not kidnap Prince VICTOR and bring him up in avowed disregard of his father's wishes, they had either to put up with Prince NAPOLEON or to dispense with a head altogether. The wiser leaders of the party probably felt that the latter course would be too much like a complete surrender. Mankind for the most part are more attached to persons than to measures, and if the Imperialists had presented their countrymen with nothing more attractive than a programme of future legislation, the prospects of the party would speedily have reached their lowest depth. A leader being indispensable, and Prince NAPOLEON being the only leader within reach, the decision of the recent meeting was the wisest that could have been taken. The prospect is not bright, but it is, at all events, brighter than it could have been if anything else had been done. Still the loss which the party sustains by Prince NAPOLEON's persistence is very great. Had Prince VICTOR been allowed to step into his cousin's place, the substitution might scarcely have been noticed in France. An Emperor against whom nothing could be said would still have been at the call of the country, supposing that the country ever felt its need of him. Prince NAPOLEON is now at the call of the country; but against him it is possible to say a great deal. Nor is the PRINCE at all disposed to leave the difference of view between himself and the elder branch of the family to pass unnoticed. His demeanour at the funeral mass at

Chislehurst seems to leave no doubt upon this point. He is described as taking no part whatever in the service, and as having omitted to render even those external marks of respect which good Protestants do not always withhold. His erect position was more than the attitude of an unbeliever who did not care to pretend to a faith which he did not possess. It was a public repudiation of the intention of making his peace with the Church which has of late been freely attributed to him. If he succeeds to the Imperial throne, it will be in the character and with the antecedents with which France is familiar.

This persistence on the PRINCE's part may of course be dictated by principle. He may think that even party union is not worth buying at the price of personal hypocrisy. Or it may be the result of a well-grounded conviction that hypocrisy would bring with it no adequate gain. The clergy might not feel that their interests were so safe in Prince NAPOLEON's hands as to make it incumbent on them to lay aside a dislike which is now of long standing. It is quite possible, however, that the PRINCE's refusal either to withdraw his claims or to put them forward in the character of a converted Freethinker may come from a belief that he has more to gain than to lose by remaining true to his reputation. The relations of the Republic with the Church are at present altogether undecided. If the Senate rejects the 7th Clause of the FERRY Bill, it is possible that a new and more conservative party may arise among the Republicans; and that some, at least, of the ecclesiastical support which has hitherto been divided between the Legitimists and the Bonapartists may be given to the Republic, on condition of its showing no hostility to the Church. There can be no question that, if this attitude should be taken up by the Senate, and if, as might conceivably be the case, it should be adopted by a new Chamber of Deputies, Parliamentary government would be greatly discredited in the eyes of the anti-Clerical Republicans. The more evident it became that the sober judgment of the country, as shown by the votes of its representatives, was opposed to the crusade against the Church which M. FERRY has begun, and which M. GAMBETTA appears to favour, the more inclined the Radicals would be to abandon institutions which, in their judgment, would have been thus conspicuously discredited by results. It is at some such moment as this that Prince NAPOLEON's chance might come. The French Left have not always been proof against the temptation to prefer despotism to freedom, provided that the despotism is to be exercised by themselves; and, if the choice lay between a Republic administered by men who dislike the proscription of the religious orders, and wish to leave to parents the right of educating their own children, and an Empire administered by a man who could thoroughly be trusted in these two main articles of the Radical creed, it is very far from certain that they would vote for the Republic. Forms, they would argue, are worthless except there is a meaning underneath them; and if the Republic does not involve the adjustment of really Republican measures, it has lost its savour, and is only fit to be trodden under foot. Prince NAPOLEON may not, after all, be ill-advised in keeping himself in readiness to meet a contingency of this kind.

LAND TITLES AND TRANSFER.

THE Report of the Select Committee on the Titles and Transfer of Landed Property has been published; and, although dealing with a dry subject, it is a very valuable and interesting document. The Committee was fortunate in having as its Chairman and the framer of its Report Mr. OSBOURNE MORGAN, who not only gave the most assiduous attention to the complicated matters with which the Committee had to deal, but brought to bear on their elucidation great professional experience, a spirit of ardent but discreet reform, and a keen perception of the ludicrous side of legal intricacies or abuses. It is something for a Committee to have a Chairman who can instantly respond with appreciative warmth to the invectives of a witness against a decision of Lord HARDWICKE's, and can gravely ask another witness, who stated that he had registered as many as six possessory titles under the CHANCELLOR's recent Act, whether, if that was so, he had not registered three-fifths of all the titles of this kind that had been registered. It was the complete breakdown in

practice of the CHANCELLOR's Act that gave rise to the appointment of the Committee. An admirable system of registration was invented by Lord CAIRNS; but no one will register under it. Solicitors will not go near the office. As one leading Manchester solicitor explained, he and his local friends took time to consider whether Manchester should have anything to do with the system, and they decided that Manchester had better keep quite clear of it. Theoretically the registration of titles is an excellent thing; but no one will register unless his neighbours as well as he are obliged to register, and no Government could carry a measure for compulsory registration. The Committee do not, however, propose that the Registration Office should be abolished. They think it better that it should exist, not as having any perceptible connexion with the actual world, but as an embodied dream of the future. Some day Englishmen may like to register their titles, and then they will find an office all ready to accommodate them. Meanwhile, nothing can be conceived more delightful and less wearying to the brain than the life of a well-paid official whose sole duty is to walk down to an office, and sit from ten to four solemnly representing a possible national aspiration. If the Committee had done no more than this, its labours would not have been very fruitful. But it has done much more. It has inquired whether, apart from the registration of titles, something might not be done to facilitate the transfer of land and simplify the method of dealing with it. Its inquiries have led it to the conclusion that very much might be done in these directions. There might be reforms in deeds, and there might be reforms or innovations in the system of registering deeds. The reforms proposed are bold, and will require the intervention of the Legislature, and it may be added, much more decision and breadth of view than the present House of Commons has ever been inclined to display. But it may safely be said that, if there ever was a Minister that would propose them and a Parliament not too languid or indifferent to accept them, they would do as much to make it easy to deal with land as any one generation could be expected to endure.

Some of the recommendations of the Committee are necessarily of too technical a kind to be discussed in any but professional language. Lawyers alone, for example, can appreciate the thrill of awe which will shock every pulse of the frame when it is found that the Committee in one short and simple line recommends the total repeal of the Statute of Uses. It will seem as if the world was reeling under them, that nothing was to be regarded as at once sacred and useless, and that there was no profit in all that they had learnt and forgotten. But it needs scarcely any large knowledge or experience to understand the main recommendations of the Committee. English deeds are very long and very cumbersome. This is partly because those who draw the deeds find it the easiest plan to stick to the forms they mastered in their youth—and the Committee was informed that in the chambers of one great conveyancer the forms now used have been repeated without alteration for a century—partly because solicitors are paid according to the length of the deeds they use. The more verbiage the more money, and solicitors are but frail human beings like other men, and get the money by employing the verbiage. Nothing can be simpler than the proposals of the Committee. Make the deeds short, and pay the solicitors by an *ad valorem* charge. It might be urged that deeds cannot be made short, and that no *ad valorem* charges can be arranged that will be satisfactory at once to the solicitor and the client. Here our invaluable friends the Scotch come in. They are always turning up and showing how the impossible is possible. They have got short deeds, and their solicitors are paid by *ad valorem* charges. Half a sheet of note-paper seems about enough for a Scotch gentleman when he wishes to transfer or mortgage his land. His solicitor takes a modest commission, and every one is happy. How it is that deeds in Scotland can be so short is not to be explained without some use of technical language, and it was explained to the Committee with great clearness by Mr. BRODIE, one of the leading writers to the Signet in Edinburgh. English laymen must be content with the great fact that on the other side of the Tweed deeds are short—not short in the transcendental sense in which the Shorter Catechism is short, but in the plain, honest sense in which a document is called short when it is about the length of

a letter from one lady to another inquiring the character of a servant. What has been done in Scotland might be done in England. It cannot be supposed that short deeds can only go with high cheekbones and legs open to the sky. We, too, can have short deeds, if we really wish to have them. Then, again, when a man dies, it is easy to understand the advantage of there always being some one who can deal with the land as easily as an executor can deal with leaseholds. If a deceased person has possessed the long lease of a house in Grosvenor Square, there is always some one discoverable in a minute who can deal with the house. If he has possessed an acre in the wilds of Wales, the whole globe may have to be searched in order that some indispensable signature may be procured. Let the man who deals with the house deal with the acre, and infinite time and trouble will be saved. This is the proposal of the Committee, and common sense may delight in a proposal so completely within its range. A further recommendation of the Committee, and perhaps the boldest and most fertile of good of all its recommendations, cannot perhaps be stated in such simple terms. It amounts to an entire revolution in the law of mortgages. At present a mortgage gives over the property of the man who wants the money to the man who lends it. When the money is paid back, the new owner conveys it back to the old. Every mortgage therefore is an incident in the history of title; for with every mortgage the property shifts backwards and forwards. Hence the enormous length of English abstracts of title. One eminent conveyancer, for instance, told the Committee that he had recently examined an abstract of title of 150 pages, and found that 115 pages were occupied with a narrative of mortgages that had been paid off. Hence, too, in a great measure the expense of mortgages, for every conveyance necessitates a re-conveyance. What the Committee proposes is that all mortgages which give the lender all the powers he has under the present system shall be mere charges on the property. The receipt of the money when the borrower repays it will extinguish the charge. Here, again, what is proposed for England exists in Scotland. With one of their sheets of notepaper the Scotch charge their land; with a penny receipt stamp they extinguish the charge. Happy, simple people! They appear to have got rid of all the burdens of life, except hypothec, long sermons, and a tendency to confide in pious directors; and even of these they seem in a fair way to disembarass themselves before long.

But, if we are to have short deeds and mortgages on a sheet of notepaper, we must, like the Scotch, register them. We cannot have these valuable bits of notepaper lying about in card-baskets, or liable to be made into spills. It is because they are registered, and must be registered, that the Scotch place so touching a confidence in them. And, if we have a system of registration, we must let registration mean what it professes to mean. We have now for a century and a half tried the experiment of registration in two of the most important English counties, Middlesex and Yorkshire. But then in England registration is so regarded by the law, and so managed, that it does not fulfil the primary purposes of registration. If registration is to be of any use, it involves two things. The man who gets his bit of notepaper on the register before his neighbour must have a prior claim, and the man who wants to know how a property has been dealt with must be able to find out. Neither of these conditions is fulfilled by the English system of registration. Lord HARDWICKE defeated the first condition, and the officials never think of fulfilling the second. The ingenuity of Lord HARDWICKE, and his indulgence to persons who in a special case seemed in danger of being wronged, invented the doctrine that it was necessary to look not only into the register, but into the mind of the person who registered; for he might know that he was snapping an undue advantage, and then equity would consider his registration as tainted by his guilty knowledge. Based on this view of the matter, a habit has sprung up of considering the register itself as a possible source of guilty knowledge, and it has come to be thought that the safest thing to do with the register is to know nothing about it. The man who never searches is as innocent as a lamb. His mind is a blank, and equity loves him. But, if he once begins to find out facts, he is marked by equity as a man justly open to the most serious suspicion, and as one bound to know, not only what he knows, but what he might have known. It is only, however, in the eyes of equity that he might

have known everything. For in real life he cannot make an effective search. He cannot go through every deed registered for thirty or forty years in the county, and the only index which the office tenders him is one that leaves him in bewilderment. This naturally makes registration very unpopular in England; and it could scarcely be otherwise when what is called searching the register is like looking for a needle in hay. How to make searching at once easy and effectual must be taken as a difficult problem, as no one in England has ever thought of surmounting it. But, in the language of the Committee, the Scotch have "hit on a device which" "might be usefully adopted in England and Ireland." This device bears the usual marks of Scotch simplicity and common sense. The officials do the official work. This is all the device. The officials post up their own entries, index them minutely, and then do the searching. They state what is in their books. The applicant wants to know what has been done with the property in which he is interested, and at a very small cost, and after a very trifling delay, he gets a search certificate, which has been made for him by experts and which tells him all there is for him to learn. We must for this, as for so many other things, condescend to go to school and be taught of Scotland. Perhaps, in these days, the condescension would not cost us much in the way of sacrifice of pride; but, even when supported by the authority of so weighty a Committee, the introduction of common sense into the region of English law is so repugnant to our tastes and habits that those who wish to see the teaching of Scotland accepted may have to wait years before their desire is gratified.

LIGHT ON THE BURIALS QUESTION.

DAYLIGHT has unexpectedly broken in upon the burials question through quite an overlooked cranny. There have been, since the first day upon which Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN ganged the full capacities of a grievance so grateful to Dissenting susceptibilities, many ways of viewing the subject of his pertinacious contention. It has its religious side and its sentimental one. The rights of property count for something in it, as well as the solemn compact into which Dissent honourably entered when the Church, in abandoning the compulsory Church-rate, retained its unquestionable possession of church and churchyard. The Liberation Society, too, deserves the credit of stripping the political aspects of the question of all ambiguity, by clearly enforcing the strategic advantage of securing the outwork of the churchyard in time for the promised siege of the citadel of Establishment. There is, moreover, a practical aspect of the whole matter which is peculiarly repulsive to the earnest Liberationist—namely, the conviction that the difficulty will best be met, not by political concessions or spiritual aggressions, but by making the acquisition of new and enlarged burial-grounds for all tastes and persuasions as cheap and as easy as possible, while always treating the public health as a leading element for consideration.

The Government Bill of 1877 was based on this principle, although it was too long in its framework for an age of obstruction. But its authors had the imprudence to tack on a supplementary clause which travelled just over the dangerous border merely to clear up a doubtful point, and by this blunder they exposed a weak flank through which an extemporized league of foes and weak-kneed friends crept in and wrecked the measure. Naturally the Government has not been encouraged to repeat in either of the two subsequent Sessions an experiment which had turned out so unluckily, although it still adhered to the reasonableness and sufficiency of its proposal. So any resistance which could be presented to the Liberationist machinations was, when not purely defensive, confined to counter projects of, as it appeared, a merely theoretic value. One of these was a short Bill with a matter-of-fact title, "Public Health Act (1875) Amendment (Interments)" brought in on a very early day of the Session by Mr. MARTEN, supported by two members belonging respectively to either side of the House, which embodied in a more compact form provisions which were for all practical objects the same as those contained in the Government measure of two years before. In all the hurly-burly of religious liberation and Church defence, with the flirtations of Mr. MORGAN and Mr. BAL-

FOUR to invoke general interest, Mr. MARTEN's modest contribution of one page and three clauses was overlooked; and although the member for Denbighshire put down a formal notice of opposition to it, it slipped through its second reading in those mysterious ten minutes which conclude a morning sitting. Mr. MORGAN renewed his notice of opposition for the Committee stage, which happened to fall on the similarly mysterious quarter of an hour which ends Wednesday's performances. But the member for Denbighshire, under a delusion, which was very strange in so experienced a tactician, that his blocking notice would work its own end without his voice to support it, walked out of the House just before the moment at which he ought to have stuck to his seat. So the Bill glided in silence through Committee without amendment—in the absence of which there cannot be the further stage of Report—and Mr. MARTEN, as he had the full right to do, named the next day for the third reading, thus escaping the "twelve-thirty" pitfall, as of course no notice of opposition could be given while the House was not sitting. On the following night, sometime between two and three o'clock, rumour whispers (for reporters had silently crept to bed) that Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN and Mr. BIGGAR were seen hoarsely declaiming against Mr. MARTEN's high-handed audacity; but, as the SPEAKER gave no countenance to their complaints, and as they were unable to rally more than about a dozen followers, and were even deserted by Sir WILFRID LAWSON, they were after two ineffectual motions for adjournment compelled to witness the Bill floating upwards into the serener skies of another place. In that charmed Chamber, where resistance only meant trouble and obstruction, the Liberal statesmen made a vicarious atonement for all the sins of omission committed in the House of Commons by their Radical and Nonconformist friends. One ex-Minister, Lord GRANVILLE, moved the rejection of the Bill upon its second reading, but was beaten by 113 to 65. Undismayed, another ex-Minister, Lord KIMBERLEY, took the step, which is most unusual in the Lords, of moving the rejection for a second time at the Committee stage, and was again beaten by 117 to 69. Finally, when the third reading was called, yet a third ex-Minister, Lord ABERDARE, attempted its constructive defeat by the process of moving fresh clauses, which would of course have hung it up through that return to the Commons which is inevitable where any alterations are made in a Bill that has come from the other House; but he had to retreat without so much as calling a division. Even the weighty Lord SELBORNE intervened in these futile but significant debates, and delivered his testimony against a measure about which all that its opponents could say was, under some very transparent ambiguities of language, that the remedy was calculated to spoil the game of the Dissenting wirepullers on whose help they were relying to secure a majority at the coming election. As the Lords had made no amendments in the Bill, it had not of course to go back to the Commons, but only to await the Royal Assent, which it has already received, and therefore is the law of the land. The Liberation Society has been so thoroughly thrown off its balance by this unexpected defeat, as, through the pen of its trusty secretary, Mr. CARVELL WILLIAMS, to trumpet, in a letter to the *Times*, its anger and dismay at the humiliating collapse of its obstructive machinery. It scolds incoherently, for it feels that the chief blame of the fiasco must rest on the heads of its chosen Parliamentary representatives for their inexcusable negligence. If Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN was asleep, where was (to name no others) Mr. RICHARD, or Mr. HOPWOOD, or Mr. JACOB BRIGHT?

The provisions of the measure are simple but elastic. By the Public Health Act of the present Government, passed in 1875, the "sanitary authority"—i.e. in urban districts a specified Board, and in rural districts the Guardians—"may, and, if required by the Local Government Board, shall, provide a mortuary"—the fine modern word for dead-house—"and make by-laws in respect of it." We need hardly add that this power is supplemented by the further one of levying rates to pay for the work. The new Act extends these provisions for mortuaries to a "place for the interment of the dead, in this Act called a cemetery"; while the local authority may "acquire, construct, and maintain" the same, "either wholly or partly, within or without their district," and may accept a donation of land or of money or other property

towards such cemetery. These provisions, as will be seen, recognize for the first time in every corner of the country efficient and pre-existing machinery and means for keeping the growing area of burial-grounds up to the level of the increasing population, unfettered by the obstructive and expensive necessity of closing churchyards, while the perpetual presence of the Local Government Board, as referee or motive power, restrains the freaks of parochial jobbery or helplessness.

Still the question remains, What manner of cemeteries will these new ones be? And this is answered by the third and last section of the Act, "The Cemeteries Clauses" "Act, 1847, shall be incorporated with this Act," a statute which contains a special provision for such incorporation. This measure enacts provisions for settling the minimum distance of any cemetery from any dwelling-house, and for regulating approaches, fencing, repairs, and drainage, while on due application the Bishop may consecrate a portion of the cemetery for the burial of members of the Established Church, while he cannot of course do so if not invited. Corresponding provisions are made for the appointment of a chaplain in respect to such cemeteries or parts of them as belong to the Established Church; chapels, too, for the Church or for Dissenters are recognized. Mr. CARVELL WILLIAMS is what in a less grave character we should call very cock-a-whoop over the fancied discovery that the Act had omitted to make any provision for the incumbent's fees. He had not observed that the incumbent or incumbents of the parish or parishes affected could, and pretty certainly would, in all cases be named chaplain or chaplains, and would, as such, be entitled to fees for the burial of their parishioners. Besides, the bargain has to be made with the Bishop, and he is sure to look after the incumbent's interests. Recognizing as the new Act does the gift by private munificence of ground for the purpose of burials, it clearly leaves it open to the donor to stipulate, and to the authority to concede, the religious or unreligious complexion of graveyards so presented. In short, the Act, while accepting the existing local authority for working its provisions, recognizes a wide liberty of choice in the use which that authority is allowed to make of its powers. The graveyards under the Act may belong to the Church, or they may belong to some form of Dissent, or they may be Secular, or else they may be variously distributed among Church, Dissent, and Secularism, always under the supervision of the Board in London. This, we believe, is what the noble opponents of the Bill implied when they resisted it with the hackneyed complaint that it was reactionary; a word well known to mean in certain mouths that the measure so qualified acts in more than one direction, and not only in that of the limited line of vision possessed by the objector. The day for the effective employment of descriptive epithets in regard to this measure is passed, for it rests in peace upon the Statute book. We trust that the parishes which avail themselves of its easy and wholesome provisions will not allow the enjoyment of their justly earned privilege to be marred by remembering that, at the last stage at which Parliamentary opposition was possible in form though futile in results, the concession was resisted by the successive voices of Lord ABERDARE, Lord GRANVILLE, Lord SELBORNE, and Lord KIMBERLEY.

MEMORIALS TO THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

IT is unfortunate that natural and kindly emotions could be more appropriate than the universal regret with which the news of Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON's death was received in this country. That a young man who was known to be good, and, had he lived, might possibly have become great, should have been killed in a skirmish with savages with whom his countrymen had no quarrel, was too striking an example of tragical contrast not to seize the popular imagination. The friendship existing between his mother and the Royal Family of England suggested their attendance at his funeral, and when to this was added the ceremonial customary at a military funeral when the dead officer is of exalted rank, the result was necessarily imposing. At this point, as we venture to think, the memory of the dead PRINCE might well have been left to the care of those to whom it was endeared by personal or political associations. At all events, there are two

methods of keeping it alive which it would have been decidedly better to omit. To ask the whole British army to contribute to a memorial of a young Frenchman whose only title to such unusual recognition was the fact that he had lost his life in the company of British soldiers is rather a waste of military sentiment. If a general had saved his troops from imminent destruction at the sacrifice of his own life, no greater honour could well have been paid him. All sense of proportion is lost if death by misadventure is to be put on a level with a death deliberately faced for an adequate object and with full knowledge of the danger incurred. There is usually something suspicious in the unanimity of this kind of demonstration. A few enthusiastic and calculating spirits start the idea, and the subscription-list is speedily filled up with names which stand for nothing save a desire not to seem ungracious. If Prince Louis Napoleon had been merely a distinguished young Frenchman, no further objection need have been taken to the military memorial. It would have been unnecessary, but would have been nothing worse. It ought not, however, to be entirely forgotten that he was something more than a distinguished young Frenchman. He was a pretender as well as a Prince; and being this, it would have been safe to avoid a tribute which, however well intended, can hardly be grateful to the nation which showed its own estimate of his claims by condemning him to lead the life of an exile. The hospitality which England consistently offers to discredited princes has of late years been only possible on the understanding that it does not commit the nation to any judgment for or against their claims on their former subjects. Strictly speaking, no doubt, the military subscription involves no breach of this understanding. But is it quite certain that the French people will be thoroughly alive to this distinction? Among them there is no sharp line drawn between the army in its corporate capacity and the soldiers in their individual capacities; and they may fail to recognize the existence of such a line over here. If any such demonstration had been permitted in the French army, it would probably have been by way of prelude to some national action in favour of the cause with which the exile thus singled out for exceptional honour had been associated during his life. Happily the eccentricity of Englishmen is generally accepted in France as an adequate explanation of everything that they do; and it may be hoped that this convenient theory will once more serve its turn.

The Dean of Westminster has always been anxious to associate the great church which he rules with the popular movements or fancies of the time. It was to be expected, therefore, that Westminster Abbey would somehow be made to minister to the interest excited by Prince Louis's fate. Difference of religion, and the possibility of eventual interment in his own country, made it impossible for him to be buried there. But Westminster is not only the tomb of eminent personages, it is also a gallery filled with their images; and, if the Prince could not be honoured in the first and most natural way, it was still possible to honour him in the second. A statue of him is accordingly proposed to be set up in Henry VII.'s Chapel. This mode of doing him honour is open to the same objections as the mode which has just been criticized, and it is also open to some further objections special to itself. What these latter objections are has been very well stated in a letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette* with the signature "H." The writer justly observes that when a memorial takes the form of a monument in Westminster Abbey, it goes beyond the bounds of private friendship and sympathy, and assumes a character "which may without inaccuracy be called public, and in other countries is likely to be regarded as national." Former improvidence has so wasted the limited space in the building that every foot of ground within its walls is now precious. It has at length come to be accepted as the fitting resting-place of the greatest Englishmen, and into this illustrious company Prince Louis Napoleon has no claim to enter. He went to South Africa because he hoped to make his person and his cause popular with Frenchmen. This may have been a legitimate motive in itself, but it is not one which constitutes any title to the extraordinary esteem or gratitude of Englishmen. Even if he had borne a commission in the English service, he would only have met the same fate which has overtaken many equally promising young Englishmen. Any special honours that are paid

him must consequently be paid either to the Emperor whose son he was or to the cause of which he was the chief. In both these characters "Prince Louis Napoleon" was the avowed enemy of the Government established "by law in France and recognized by the Government of this country No sentiments of personal sympathy or of respect for misfortune are so much above the public welfare that we can be called upon to sacrifice to them the goodwill and confidence of the nation whose friendship we can least afford to lose." Englishmen know that a monument in Westminster Abbey only means that a project for erecting one has been fortunate enough to find favour in the eyes of Dean Stanley. But a nation which has never mastered the place of the Lord Mayor of London in the fabric of English administration cannot be expected to be specially well informed as to the functions of the Dean of Westminster. Probably, if any Frenchman has happened to notice the newspaper reports of the recent sittings of Convocation, he has assumed, without further inquiry, that the heads of the Anglican clergy have been deliberating for days as to the precise ecclesiastical honours to be paid to the dead Prince. When Dean Stanley exercises his discretion with regard to his own countrymen every one knows that it is his discretion. It would have been well if, before giving his consent to a step which is so likely to be misunderstood in France, he had remembered that in the present instance he had others than his own countrymen to deal with.

The Dean has himself come forward to defend his act, and he has defended it with some ingenuity and a wonderful flow of fine writing. In the midst of a quantity of extremely tall talk about "streams of interest" and "circles of historical combinations," he draws a distinction between the Abbey and Henry VII.'s Chapel, which, like many other historical distinctions, may perhaps have to give way to the growing pressure of public necessity. "As a general rule," he says, "no one is interred or commemorated in this Royal mausoleum except members of the Royal Family or persons specially connected with them." But, as the Abbey fills up, it may be doubted whether Henry VII.'s Chapel will always continue to be appropriated to this solitary use. The Royal Family of England have taken or made other mausoleums for themselves; and the claims of other Royal Families to commemoration in Westminster Abbey are subordinate to those of our own countrymen. Westminster Abbey may be "a great temple of silence" and reconciliation "without being large enough to provide for the silent reconciliation of all the world. The precedents of the Duke of Montpensier and the Queen of Louis XVIII. are scarcely to the point. During the first exile of the Bourbon family the Royal Houses of France and England were united by alliance as well as by friendship; and the erection of a statue in the Abbey is a more distinctive, because less natural, honour than an actual burial within its walls. If it is thought well to make Henry VII.'s Chapel a collection of "landmarks of English and European history," the Bonapartes would be more appropriately and adequately represented by a statue of the Napoleon who died at St. Helena than by one of the Napoleon who died in Zululand.

MR. HUGHES ON THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

THE author of *Tom Brown's School Days* has earned a prescriptive right to be listened to on questions affecting the English public school system. It is a subject on which he is entirely at home, and we are always very glad to hear what he has to say about it. It may be worth while to add that the conservatism—so to call it—of his views on this matter, like Dr. Arnold's, whom he quotes, derives additional force from the well-known Liberal, not to say Radical, tendency of his political opinions generally. This is a consideration which the American readers for whom his recent articles in the *North American Review* are especially intended would do well to bear in mind. The public school system in its main features is of very old standing, is indeed of mediæval origin, as Mr. Hughes has himself reminded us, and it is supposed to have something of an aristocratic and Tory character about it. So much more weighty and significant therefore is the testimony of one of its ablest and most ardent, as well as most thoughtful defenders, when that testimony comes from Mr. Thomas Hughes. And it derives in the present instance additional emphasis from the fact that he is especially addressing Americans, and on the assumption, which he apparently shares with Mr. Emerson, that hereafter "the centre of the British race

is to be in America and not in England." America, as we know, is a "go ahead" country, with none of our old world traditions—no monarchy, or Established Church, or aristocracy, or House of Lords—where liberty, equality, and fraternity are supposed to reign supreme. But Mr. Hughes tells us that the system of "all citizens sitting side by side on the same (school) benches, perfectly irrespective of rank and wealth," however desirable in the abstract, is breaking down; that the nation, whatever else it can achieve, cannot beat nature, and "America, as well as England, must have a gentry, or aristocracy, call it by what name you please." And for that class of American citizens he recommends the adoption, in all its essential elements, of the English public school system. The theory of home education for boys, which has found some favour in the United States, and is occasionally advocated though rarely acted upon in England, is for obvious reasons impracticable as a general rule, for of course to this as to every general rule there must always be legitimate exceptions. Mr. Hughes does not notice, and is probably content to pass over with silent contempt, the wild theory of "mixed education"—that is of educating boys and girls together in day schools and even in boarding schools—which we have heard advocated by very strong-minded members of the shrieking sisterhood in England, and which is said to have been actually tried in some few cases in America. It was even broadly hinted at in one very strange passage of an article on Eton which appeared not long ago in the *New Quarterly*. If then boys are to be removed from home, and educated together at large schools, the important question at once arises, on what system these schools should be conducted. We are not speaking now of the teaching, properly so-called, but of the ethical and disciplinary systems. On the vexed controversy about Classical studies Mr. Hughes does not here enter, but there is nothing to show that he is not in substantial accord with the traditional usage of our public schools on this as on other points. This however is too wide a question to be parenthetically discussed, and we shall confine ourselves to those aspects of public school life which he has so skilfully handled.

The first point to strike, and generally to surprise, a foreigner in our English public schools—contrasting as it does alike with the discipline of the Government *lycées* and the religious seminaries he is familiar with—is the independence of the boys. It is a characteristic distinguishing them from "every other system of education in Europe, that a large number of boys, between the ages of eleven and nineteen, are left for the greater part of their time to form an independent society of their own, in which the influence that they exercise over each other is far greater than can possibly be exercised by the masters." It might perhaps be a sufficient answer to objectors, as far as our own practice is concerned, to say that "it is too late in England to argue about it," for the existing rule is established beyond possibility of change, and "has become a part of the national faith." But it would be a mistake to let foreigners—and especially to let Americans, who are more directly interested in the question—imagine that our "national faith" is not based on very solid grounds of reason and experience. Dr. Arnold, whose name is so indissolubly connected with the reform of the system in our own day, confessed on his first appointment to Rugby that he felt doubts about it, and its assailants have of course not failed to take full, and often unfair, advantage of the admission. It was not, as he tells us, without much hesitation that he arrived at the conclusion that the existing system must be reformed, and not destroyed; but that decision strengthened with experience, till it ripened into the deliberate conviction that the inevitable trial time in a boy's life might be more quickly and safely passed at a public school than elsewhere. But out of that conviction grew another. He felt that the monitorial or fagging system, "the peculiar relation of the highest form to the rest of the boys," was the essential condition of the general independence of school life. It is the only available substitute for the odious method of rigid surveillance or espionage adopted elsewhere, though that is by no means its only recommendation. There was nothing new in this arrangement, though Dr. Arnold gave it a new importance and direction at Rugby, as his pupil Dr. Vaughan afterwards did at Harrow. Considering indeed the violent attacks made upon it from very opposite quarters, and not least from advocates of what may be called the Jesuit educational régime, now followed in most Roman Catholic schools—with what results Mr. Petre and others have enabled us to judge—it is worth noting that Dr. Arnold had first acquired his knowledge of the system as a boy at Winchester where this method of independent government by prefects chosen from amongst the boys themselves, denounced in the *Dublin Review* as pagan and atheistic, was expressly provided for, four centuries ago, in the statutes of the Catholic founder, William of Wykeham. Dr. Arnold accurately defines fagging as "the power given by the superior authorities of the school to the sixth form, to be exercised by them over the lower boys, for the sake of securing a regular government among the boys themselves, and avoiding the evils of anarchy, in other words the lawless tyranny of physical strength." There was no point on the maintenance of which, as "essential to the good of the school," he showed himself so inflexible against all attacks, and he resolutely insisted on the right of the sixth form to administer corporal punishment, and ridiculed with just severity the popular nonsense talked about its being "degrading." That objection, he observed, "originates in the proud notion of personal independence, which is neither reasonable nor Christian, but essentially barbarian." At an age when it is almost impossible to find a true manly sense of the degradation of guilt and faults, where is the wisdom of

encouraging a fantastic sense of the degradation of personal correction? What can be more false, or more adverse to the simplicity, sobriety, and humbleness of mind which are the best ornament of youth, and the best promise of a noble manhood? Mr. Hughes adds the emphatic and unexceptionable testimony on the same side of the present Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Arnold's most eminent successor, and of Dr. Butler, the accomplished and successful Headmaster of Harrow, formerly distinguished alike for scholarship and athletics as a boy at the school which he has for twenty years past so ably ruled. Dr. Butler considers that "the value of such a (monitorial) system as an instrument of government, as an instrument for the education of character, and as a safeguard against bullying, can hardly be estimated too highly," and declares his emphatic conviction "that no great school could long live in a healthy state without it." The Royal Commission arrived at a similar conclusion, and the system prevails, we need hardly say, with some varieties of detail, at all our great public schools, though it is curious to learn that it has been reduced to a *minimum* at the largest of them all, where one would have supposed it was most imperatively needed. Perhaps indeed this may help to account for those complaints of relaxed tone and discipline at Eton of which so much has been heard of late years.

Another point dwelt on by Mr. Hughes and which we agree with him in thinking of very great importance, is the independent power of the Headmaster. The ultimate authority rests of course with the governing body who appoint and can remove him, and who theoretically have control over the entire administration of the school, but in practice leave all the details in his hands. They can, if necessary, dismiss him, "but while he is there, he is absolute over the studies and the internal discipline of the school. As a rule he selects, appoints, and promotes all his own assistants, who, in grave cases, have a right of appeal to the governing body—a right, however, seldom exercised, and looked upon with scant favour." And it is obviously reasonable that it should be so. "No one but a strong and wise man is fit to govern a great school, and, when he has been found, the only safe plan is to let him alone." There is another question connected with the good government of schools to which Mr. Hughes refers, and that is the question of numbers. Dr. Arnold thought the extreme limit should be 350, within which a Headmaster might do his duty thoroughly by individual boys; but that in the case of larger numbers this would be impossible. The matter is one generally left to the discretion of the Headmaster, or oftener perhaps left to settle itself, but it might no doubt be subjected to regulation. Most of our principal public schools, both of old and recent foundation, including Rugby, are now greatly in excess of the figure fixed by Dr. Arnold. The numbers at Harrow are between five and six hundred, and this may be taken to represent pretty fairly the present average. At Eton for some years past there have been nearly a thousand boys—the figures during one term reached 999; and most people, certainly most non-Etonians, will agree that this is far too large a number for the exercise of effective discipline by one head. In fact it turns the school, as the late Sir John Coleridge observed some years ago, into a kind of "boy university." And the enormously increased demand for public school education during the last quarter of a century or so has shown itself, not only in doubling or more than doubling the numbers of the older public schools, but in the rapid growth of new or revived foundations conducted on similar principles. Mr. Hughes gives a list of fifteen such new foundations, beginning with King's College School founded in 1830, and ending with Malvern in 1865, two or three of which, like Radley and Lancing, had the further object of promoting a particular kind of religious education. To these must be added a list of thirty-seven "old endowed grammar schools, which have been reorganized, and are governed and managed as public schools." Some of them, like Sherborne, Repton, and Uppingham, have already made a name for themselves. These facts bear witness to the decided and deliberate preference for the system among the great body of Englishmen of the upper and middle classes. Mr. Hughes is anxious to see it introduced into the United States, and offers some valuable suggestions as to the best method of effecting the process. He justly observes that, if there be any truth in Emerson's statement that he finds "the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes," the credit must in great measure be carried to the account of our public schools. William of Wykeham, "the father of English public schools," inscribed on the gates of his Colleges at Oxford and Winchester, "Manners maketh man," to which we may fairly append the supplementary comment, "Schools make manners." There will always be a small minority of boys who from some peculiarity of bodily or mental constitution are unfit for the atmosphere of a public school, and would be temporarily, if not permanently, injured by it. Shelley was miserable at Eton, and his character never recovered the twist inflicted on it by the rough treatment of his comrades; while Byron to the end of his life retained an affectionate remembrance—and it was one of the most genuine feelings he had—of Harrow and the friendships formed there. But we cannot legislate for exceptions. The character and proper training of individual boys is in each case a matter for the scrupulous consideration of their parents. What experience proves is that for English boys in the aggregate no better method of training can be devised, in its main outlines, than that of our public schools.

THE VIRTUOUS GUINEA-PIG.

THE great mundane movement is constantly developing species which get their names by a kind of accident. Some one discovers a new planet, and immediately a world much vaster than ours is christened after the most imbecile of constitutional monarchs or the most obscure of astronomers. A chemist disengages an unheard-of metal, and ruins its young reputation by the gift of a long insignificant title. A splendid new flower decorates the gardens, and has to be spoken of as the Clematis Jackman. Its beautiful hues and form are sacrificed on the shrine of the unmelodious Jackmanus. These strange modern species, these metals, stars, and flowers, have little chance in the competition for fame with gold and silver, with the rose, and the sweet influence of the Pleiads. Great facts are disregarded by poets because they have clumsy or insignificant names. No one puts the *Georgium Sidus* into his verse, or indites a lyric to the blossoms consecrated to Jackmanus. New types of human nature are in the same unlucky fix. The Snob was long unsung, because students of man's nature had not the courage of Thackeray. Not otherwise has the Virtuous Guinea-pig missed his due of scientific study and his meed of praise. The writers on the characters of men, Theophrastus and Hall and La Bruyère, had nothing to say about the Virtuous Guinea-pig. Like the Spanish fleet, he was not yet to be seen because he was not yet in sight. He had not yet risen (from the East) on the horizon of scientific observation. Even Theophrastus Such has disregarded the Virtuous Guinea-pig, deterred from approaching him, perhaps, by the vulgar eccentricity of his name rather than by the absence of anything attractively sordid in his nature. It must be confessed that the term "Guinea-pig" as applied to a man and a fellow-citizen is not a pretty, though it is a popular name. It comes to us from the slang of the City, from the coarse humour of persons that dabble in shares and stocks and have no fine feelings. They first detected the existence of this novel commercial "sport" or species, and they have a perfect right to call him what they please and to howl his title after him at contested Parliamentary elections.

If we may adopt for a moment the terse style of Theophrastus, we would define the Guinea-pig as the man who seeks for base gain in what he thinks the safest and easiest way. He is not himself a man of business; he is too good, too pure. He knows nothing of the higgling of the market; but, taking a large and lofty view of modern industrialism, is anxious that the capital of Englishmen should find appropriate outlets. For this purpose he lends his name to the promoters of Companies, the more philanthropic the better, he becomes a director, and he receives a certain number of yearly guineas (hence his familiar appellation) for the use of his name and titles. Before a man can practise successfully as a Guinea-pig, he must have made himself more or less favourably known to the public. Now if he were really clever, intellectual, accomplished, if he really possessed talent or genius, he probably would not need to draw the humble emoluments assigned to the director who directs nothing, who signs documents without inquiry, and is paid to keep out of the way. A man of real intellectual power can make his profession or his art support him in a manner more congenial than that practised by the Guinea-pig. Yet he who would be a Guinea-pig must obtain for himself some sort of popular and respectable notoriety. Two courses are open to him. He may chance to own an historical or territorial name familiar to all Englishmen, and then he has nothing to do but to sell this birthright of his for a mess of the pottage of promoters. But we cannot all be born with historical names; we cannot all be lordly Guinea-pigs. Therefore, he who would be paid for the use of a well-known name, and who cannot become famous for his genius or talent, must gain a *moral* reputation. He must be known as "such a good man." He may be stupid, but he must be philanthropic, or pious, or Sabbatarian, or virtuously "advanced." He must have the interests of some deserving but unfortunate class deeply at heart. He must be the advocate of the rights of water-cress women or the president of a society for supplying newsboys with cheap New Testaments. He must be the patron of Hindoo Bheesties and the recognized defender of the rights of the coolies of Ceylon. He is just the man to collect subscriptions for unfortunate negro families likely to be ruined by the flooding of the Sahara or left homeless in consequence of the disastrous rising of the Zambesi. It will do him no harm if he is on friendly terms with interesting Nihilists, and other patriots who have made their fatherlands too hot to hold them. Without being particularly clever, a persevering character can ride into notoriety, and even into Parliament, on the high-tide of philanthropy, and borne by the breezes of general well-meaningness. The co-operative educational movement, the organization of experimental laboratories and studios for the people, the foundation of "the Widow and Orphans' Electric Cheap Laundry Company"—by these means and such as these, a benefactor of humanity may succeed in being tolerably well known to his species. Then his name becomes something worth the guineas of promoters of Companies, and it is worth still more when he who has made himself renowned by pure force of goodness gets into Parliament. If there had been thousands of Companies (Limited) in the benighted period of the Man of Ross, is it not plain that the Man of Ross might have lent an invaluable name to any board of directors? Perhaps he would have been too squeamish to make a profit by pretending to manage affairs of which he was profoundly ignorant. If he had possessed our modern advantages, however, he might have been quite a prize Guinea-pig. The public would have said,

"The Patent Dynamite Manure Company must be all right, the Man of Ross is on it," and the public would have "plunged."

Like other professions, that of the Virtuous Guinea-pig has its drawbacks. If he gains a seat in the House of Commons his position is, of course, vastly useful for the moment to him and his Companies. The eye of fancy even looks forward to the happy hour when the legislative bodies of this country shall be entirely composed of the directors of railways, of banks, of schemes for supplying Torquay with water from Windermere, and the Sahara with water from the Atlantic. Meanwhile, a certain proportion of members of Parliament, and of candidates for seats, are not directors, ornamental or otherwise. Thus it chances that the Virtuous Guinea-pig may be at a disadvantage when he has to face his constituents at a general election. Since he last met them two or three of his Companies have perhaps come slightly to grief. They have failed to pay any sort of dividend; their "plant" has gone to pieces; their minor officials have not proved so scrupulously honest as all ministers of our pure industrialism ought to be. Perhaps even their balance-sheets are full of various readings and conjectural emendations. It may be that certain of the more substantial directors have sought a sunny retreat among the orange groves of Spain, or are satisfying their curiosity as to the municipal institutions of Asia Minor. In such a strait the position of the Virtuous Guinea-pig is truly lamentable. He protests that he knew nothing of the details of business, that he is too good, too pure, and, besides, that he never had a head for figures. If it is answered to him that, knowing himself to be so incompetent, he had no business to take money for looking after other people's affairs, he falls back on the purity and philanthropy of his intentions. He had never before found his honourable confidence in others thus rudely betrayed. He had been led to suppose that his duties were purely formal. All these protestations do not absolutely remove the distrust with which the public regards the recipient of guineas; and thus it has come about that the name of Guinea-pig is a very damaging one when used by a man's opponents in a Parliamentary election.

The depression of trade, like the subsiding of a spring-tide, has left a hundred queer oozy shapes of the commercial deep weltering helpless on the shore and exposed to public view. Among these common objects the Virtuous Guinea-pig is not the least frequently to be observed. It is a thing to be thankful for that his position is now generally understood. People of impulsive virtue will now be warned, and will less readily extend their hands to receive a pittance for not doing a duty which they may some day find it desirable to confess that they never intended to perform. They must be the more cautious, because charity and commerce are at this time curiously mixed. A dozen enterprises promise to reform the nation, to put down vice, drunkenness, housebreaking, and what not, and to pay a charmingly high interest on the money which works the reformation. A pious lady of fashion once asked "Whether it was impossible to combine Jesus and Worth." We have the most powerful reasons for believing that a good thing cannot be made out of serving God and Mammon. Whatever may be the result of the novel experiments in that direction, they certainly tempt the imprudently benevolent to turn a dubious penny by becoming Virtuous Guinea-pigs. The recent confessions of exemplary bank Directors may warn them to avoid the bait, and to keep their virtue for private use on this side of Temple Bar. The fancy articles of goodness, the works of pious supererogation, are not necessary in men of business. The old Scotch lady, when a candidate for the place of cook was recommended as "such a decent woman," exclaimed "Hang her decency! Can she cook collops?" When we see a name only remarkable for piety on a list of Directors, may not the world cry "Hang his piety! Is he sure not to cook accounts?" It is to such uses that the fine old character of hypocrisy has descended, and Tartufe helps Scapin to take care of Orgon's deposits.

MODERN THEORIES OF THE EXODUS.

THE Englishman who goes abroad, or who has opportunities of mixing much in foreign society, is often surprised how little any people but his own understand Biblical allusions. It is not that he finds them unable to comprehend his meaning; it is rather that he discovers himself to be possessed of a repertory of language, thought, and imagery with which they are unacquainted. The Bible is so familiar to the English-speaking populations of the world—the English translation of the Bible rather—that we attach extraordinary importance to everything connected with it, and are often as keen in pursuit of the exact meaning of a text of no bearing on any doctrinal question as if its true interpretation involved issues of life and death. A happy quotation from the Bible is looked upon as the sign of high cultivation, just like a happy quotation from Shakespeare or Horace. Yet such allusions are incomprehensible to Frenchmen, and almost incomprehensible to Germans. We are accustomed to think that Sydney Smith was at his best when he made his celebrated answer to Landseer, who had offered to paint his portrait, "Is thy servant a dog?" But, apart from the use of scriptural words, there is nothing in it, as there is nothing in his description of Rogers's dinner-table, when the lights were placed round the walls to show the pictures:—"The pictures are well lighted, but at the table it is darkness and gnashing of teeth." We should not think a German or a Frenchman very stupid if he failed to laugh at this, and we must perhaps

make a similar allowance for the failure of foreign Egyptologists to connect the Biblical narrative with their discoveries in the history of the ancient Misraim. Unfortunately, although an Englishman made the first approaches by which the mysteries of hieroglyphic literature have since been elucidated, and although one or two of the best readers of the language of old Egypt are of our race and country, the French and the Germans have far surpassed us in the zeal and accuracy by which the inscriptions on stone and papyrus have been made known in modern form; and it is to a German scholar in particular that we must look for what has been widely accepted as the best "theory of the Exodus." To call the question discussed by Herr Brugsch a "theory of the Exodus" implies at least that his views are no more conclusive than those of the other innumerable authors who have treated of it. Yet since he read his famous paper on the passage of the Red Sea in the presence of the Oriental Congress in London in 1874, the opinions he then propounded have received an amount of assent which can only be accounted for either by supposing that they were almost conclusive, or that we were very ignorant of the points at issue. Unfortunately as English scholars, who come to their consideration with a knowledge of the Bible imbibed so early as to be almost instinctive, follow up more and more deeply Herr Brugsch's theory, it appears more and more untenable; and it does not require more than a superficial knowledge of the controversy to see that, so far from having proved his principal premisses, the arguments he has principally relied on will not bear the test of learned examination. It does not require a knowledge of Oriental languages or hieroglyphs to judge, with some possibility of correctness, between his views and the views of the rare scholars who in this country have endeavoured to examine them intelligently. An article in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*, although evidently the work of a writer unacquainted with the latest developments of Egyptian research, states a rival theory with fairness; and examines Herr Brugsch's views, if not very dispassionately, yet on the whole carefully.

The views of Herr Brugsch are startling at first sight, and their partial acceptance has certainly not been because they avoided debatable ground. Briefly, they may be stated as follows:—Rameses II. was the Pharaoh who knew not Joseph, and who oppressed the Hebrews. Under Menephtah, his successor, they fled. So far the theory is very strong. But it goes on to identify San or Zoan with the city mentioned in the Pentateuch as Raames, Thuku with Succoth, Khatom with Etham, and Migdol with a watch-tower at the northern end of the Isthmus, and makes the Israelites to have crossed, not the Red Sea or Gulf of Suez, but an arm of the Mediterranean, perhaps Lake Menzaleh. Apart from any question as to the transliteration of the Egyptian and Semitic forms of the local names, there is, as indeed the *Edinburgh Review* points out, a text which upsets the whole theory at once:—"When Pharaoh had let the people go, God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines." Nothing can be stronger than this. Moreover the places which the Scripture narrative speaks of are all near each other, but Herr Brugsch identifies them with places many miles apart—so far apart, indeed, that to agree with the narrative the people must have marched eighty miles in the first three days. Etham is on the second day's march; Herr Brugsch places it on the third. Baal Zephon is "over against Migdol"; Herr Brugsch imagines that they are more than a day's journey apart. The identification of Migdol with one particular watch-tower on the northern frontier must be open to the greatest question, as many Migdols existed, probably then, and certainly long afterwards, along the whole line of the Isthmus. Nor is it possible to identify Succoth with Thuku, or Khatom with Etham, for philological reasons into which it would be impossible to enter here.

One or two critics who had studied the subject before Herr Brugsch, such as the editors of the *Speaker's Commentary*, and one or two local archaeologists, such as Dr. Grant of Cairo, have never acknowledged the soundness of Herr Brugsch's theory. They said, one and all, putting aside the question of miraculous interference, that his knowledge, first, of the Bible narrative, and, secondly, of the topography of the Delta and Isthmus, were at fault. With regard also to the linguistic side of the question, there have been objectors; and, now that the great History of Egypt, "derived solely from the monuments," has been published in English, the whole question is, so to speak, brought to a head. This is not the place for discussing the many minute particulars upon which it turns. But as all the component parts of the case, if we have stated it aright, hang together like the stones of an arch, it is enough here to have pointed out one or two of the flaws in what all must acknowledge to be a very plausible, and at first sight very taking, view. We must demur moreover to the way in which M. Mariette speaks of the Pharaoh on whom he, with Herr Brugsch, fixes as the pursuer of Israel. In speaking of the bust at Boolak of the King whom, under the name of Menephtah, the son of Rameses II., otherwise called Seti II.—though Herr Brugsch gives the latter name, more correctly, to his successor—M. Mariette in his catalogue describes him as "the King who perished in the Red Sea." Menephtah's tomb is one of the most magnificent and complete in the Valley of the Kings near Thebes. There is little doubt he was buried in the tomb he had made; and a dirge exists in which he is spoken of as dying peaceably at a good old age. The writer of the article in the *Edinburgh Review* observes that the expression "Pharaoh's chariot and his

host hath he cast into the sea" may be taken as distinctly to negative the "gratuitous assumption" that Pharaoh himself perished. We can hardly, as we have observed, expect a Frenchman like M. Mariette to be familiar with the Bible. But the Reviewer might have gone further in refuting the error in question. The text in the song of Moses which bears most directly upon it runs as follows:—"For the horse of Pharaoh went in with his chariots and his horsemen into the sea." The word "horse" here, as a Hebrew scholar can assert, refers actually to the individual charger of the King, and it is evident on this interpretation that the writer of the song is unable, with truth, to say that Pharaoh himself was on the horse when it was drowned. This is of the more importance because, by a kind of figure of speech, Pharaoh is spoken of, in what scholars consider to be a Chaldean Psalm of later date (the cxxxvi.), as having been overwhelmed with his host in the Red Sea. Herr Brugsch, however, avoids this mistake; one which, in fact, we have frequently seen in English books. The weak points of his theory are concerned rather with the chronology and with the topographical names.

It must then be acknowledged that, so far, investigators are at fault. It has not been possible to identify the route of the Israelites "in exitu"; and the difficulties of identifying the Pharaoh, or even the Dynasty, under which the flight took place are almost equally great. The *Edinburgh Review*, indeed, would make Amenhotep III. a King of the Eighteenth Dynasty, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, and would identify Hatasoo, or, as Herr Brugsch calls her, Hahshop, the great daughter of Thothmes I., with the princess who educated Moses. Apart from chronology, which before the reign of Menephtah is little better than theoretical, there are no great difficulties in this view; but it is absolutely without any intrinsic proof. Hatasoo, whom the Reviewer strangely calls Hatasont, may or may not have been the protectress of Moses. There is no evidence either way. But to acquiesce in this identification we must ante-date the Exodus perhaps as much as 250 years. The Reviewer endeavours with much success to reconcile this alteration with the indications in the sacred narratives, and makes the reign of Menephtah to coincide with that of Jabin, King of Canaan, in the time of the Judges.

After reading a large number of these records of speculative research, it is unfortunately impossible for the candid reader to come to any very definite conclusion. In the abundance of the conflicting theories one thing comes out very plainly. The abode of the Israelites in Egypt is not inconsistent with anything we can derive from a study of the monuments. It may not be possible even to accept the transliteration of the word designating certain bondmen under Rameses II. as Aperioo, and turning it into an Egyptian form of Hebrews; yet the fact remains that many Semitic tribes did sojourn in the Nile valley for long periods without losing their national characteristics and identity; and it is further very possible to show that, during the time of the Thirteenth Dynasty, a rival monarchy—which we may identify as that of the Shepherd Kings—reigned in Lower Egypt, if not over the whole country, that a similar usurpation had previously taken place under the Eleventh Dynasty, and that not only the Hebrews, but other Eastern tribes, migrated into Egypt under their rule. Nay, we may go further; for no notice, however brief, of these difficult and perhaps insoluble problems would be complete without some mention of a famine which afflicted the land in the early years of the Twelfth Dynasty, and which presents, as it is described in a tomb at El Kab, many curious points of resemblance to that during which Joseph became ruler of the land.

INTERESTING YOUNG MEN.

WHETHER pugs or interesting young men are the most objectionable of the pets adopted by middle-aged ladies is a question upon which there may be some diversity of opinion. There are certain features common to a great many kinds of pets, but nearly every variety has some special offensiveness. A pet man and a pet poodle, for example, may both be black-haired, obedient to their mistresses, and clean in the house; but the one may be unpleasant on account of his insufferable conceit, and the other on account of his propensity for snapping at trousers. There are as many varieties among human as among canine pets, and it is of the type known as interesting young men that we now propose to treat. Like most other pets, interesting young men are expensive, dainty, and queer-tempered; but, unlike the generality of pets, they are not short-lived, although they often make capital of illnesses which they assume to be fatal. They are less faithful than collies, less amusing than monkeys, and less useful than horses. They might, on the other hand, turn round with the complaint that their treatment by their mistresses is in some respects inferior to that received by dumb pets; for, although never given away, they are often dropped or cast aside as valueless; nor do their patrons try to find comfortable homes for them when they cease to amuse. Most of all might they grumble at their treatment when married. Instead of increasing in value as procreators of their interesting species, they are at once neglected; nor are their offspring at all sought after. They have, however, this advantage, that they cannot, like other pets, be "put out of their misery" at the will of their patrons.

Like most of the liberal professions, that of being an interesting young man is becoming overstocked. It might, indeed, be desirable to submit those who aspire to its practice to a competitive examina-

tion in order to keep the number of its professors within proper limits. We all know the kind of candidates that would be likely to pass successfully. They would be good-looking, pale, and thin. Nothing is so uninteresting as fat. They would be grave and somewhat dull, for funny men can never hope to be interesting. They would look upon life as a mistake, and upon themselves as victims enduring an existence not worth having. The interesting young man must profess a vocation—whether political, theological, or artistic; he must be a saviour of society, and it will be lucky for his acquaintances if he has not a message to deliver. He will probably talk and write much about the *Ego*, but, although using the Latin in his philosophical disquisitions, he will spend most of his social hours in declining the personal pronoun in English. His brain must be sensitive and his heart must be hard, or he will not succeed; for in cultivated society he will find æsthetic ideas more useful than charitable sympathies; and if he is lucky enough to have a disordered digestion, he may rise to unknown heights of intensity. His eyes will revel in bilious colours, and his designs for mural decorations will be chosen for the boudoirs of ladies of high degree and high art; his ears will endure nothing but night-mare strains, which will be respectfully hailed as the music of the future, and his mind will conceive horrors and hotch-potches which will ensure for him the glorification of originality. Nor will it do for him to be unmindful of externals. No man can look poetical between mutton-chop whiskers, or prophesy with effect from under an umbrella. Short-cut hair must be avoided as carefully as the plague, an omnibus, a brown-paper parcel, or an onion. We will venture no opinion as to the possibility of using the underground railway, but we suppose that even interesting young men may travel in what have been grandly termed the gondolas of the streets. He who would be thought interesting should not be seen to eat much. He may gorge himself in private at luncheon time, on joints, porter, and potatoes, and drink tea and devour muffins at six; but at eight o'clock his dinner should appear a bore to him, and he must then take care to be either æsthetic or ascetic. When he does allow the world to see him eating, he should feed upon curiosities, and avoid all wholesome and nourishing food. It would never do to permit people to imagine that his digestion is like that of the vulgar herd. If he smokes, he should not use a pipe, but if he cannot do without one, it ought to be of gigantic proportions—a pipe that would have been too much for Samson himself—or he may smoke a nargileh, if he can do so without nausea. He had better be short-sighted, but if he cannot manage to be short-sighted, he should have an eagle eye which can distinguish objects at pre-natural distances, and observe incidents which never occur. On no account may he have weak sight, for although eye-glasses look interesting, blue spectacles are quite inadmissible. If not in a consumption, the interesting young man should have Herculean strength, though heart disease will make a tolerable substitute. He may suffer agony with great advantage; but he must never have a commonplace pain. His face may be angelic or passionate, according to his tastes; if the former, he will of course have an expression of calm and patient endurance, proclaiming the triumph of the spirit over the flesh; if the latter, he will “look one of his old looks” on the slightest provocation, after the manner of the strong-minded heroes in the novels of the period. He must do all he can to injure his health; for, if fast, he must be immoderately dissipated, and, if serious, immoderately ascetic. In either case he will sit up most of the night, and he must never allow that he is tired or sleepy.

Next in importance to the appearance and bodily habits of interesting young men is the condition of their minds. Like their hair, their customs, and their digestions, their intellects should be unconventional. A judicious and evident affectation of ignorance will make many people suppose that it conceals unfathomable wisdom; and a reputation of being misunderstood is often sufficient to make a man interesting to certain minds. There is an ample stock of literature in these days only too well fitted to enable youths of little learning to pass themselves off as interesting; and shilling series and pocket editions, selections from the works of great writers, and popular manuals, have much to answer for. If young men who would be interesting wish to be literary they had better review books than write them; and it is hardly necessary that they should trouble themselves to read them. They will find the acquaintance of a few literary people far more useful in society than acquaintance with the contents of their books; and the man who can say that he knows the author of the sensational work of the day commands greater respect than he who can stand a cross-examination on its intrinsic merits. It has been well said that it matters more whom a man knows than what he is, and this is as true in literary as in other affairs. If a man knows a dozen celebrated authors and journalists and as many other notabilities, the careless perusal of the “society weeklies” and a few reviews, an occasional walk through the South Kensington Museum, a visit now and then to Christie and Manson’s, and a little impudence will do the rest. To know interesting people makes even a dull man appear interesting in the eyes of certain people.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that moderation is uninteresting. As politicians, interesting young men are obliged on this principle to be extreme in their opinions. Many youths who try to appear wiser than their neighbours consider themselves quite above politics; but, when they do condescend to them, they adopt their most exaggerated forms. Liberal, or rather Radical, opinions, being the most exciting, are the best suited to men of this type; but if circumstances oblige them to be Conservative, they become

ultra-Tories. They rave about feudalism, mediævalism, and chivalry; they assume the affectations of coxcombs of past centuries, and they profess to consider life worthless so long as the throne of France is unoccupied by the Count of Chambord. If they are Radicals, they hint at awful truths for which the world is not yet ripe. Indeed the world is a century or two too slow for them, just as it is a century or two too fast for their Tory brethren, and both despise it accordingly. Interesting young men, of all opinions, seem to have a standing quarrel with the hand of time. Although there may not be any superfluity of genuine religion in these days, religion is the subject of many newspaper articles, many books, and much talk—great and small; it therefore behoves the young man who would be interesting to select some theological or neo-logical standard. There are ladies who look upon the man who believes in nothing as a being of transcendent interest. His profession of having reduced his religious ideas to an absolute vacuum puzzles them, and there are women who, when puzzled, are already half-persuaded. Free-thinking ladies like a more pronounced free-thinker than themselves, just as their High Church sisters like a Ritualist of the whitest heat. But, to serious-minded people, a young man is interesting rather on account of what he may be induced to believe than for what he does at present believe. A well-known writer once observed that one man with a pistol was better than a large crowd of unarmed men so long as he did not fire it off; but that, if he discharged it (it was before the days of revolvers), he was done for at once. On much the same principle a young man in search of a religion—with leanings this way, and leanings that—is more interesting to devout women, whatever their views, than a whole townful of people of unimpeachable orthodoxy. He is like the Irish contingent at an English election, and he is coaxed and petted by all sides. But most successful of all interesting young men is he who rather appears interested in his lady friends than endeavours to appear interesting himself. There is, after all, nothing like being a good listener, and the youth who hangs with breathless eagerness upon every word which falls from the lip of his patronesses is pretty certain to be regarded by them as a most intelligent and discriminating young man. The listener is most appreciated who hears with sympathy and emotion long descriptions of the aches and pains of hypochondriacs, especially if he concedes feelingly with them upon their superhuman afflictions.

The interesting young man is less popular with his own than with the opposite sex. Men think him a bore, and fail altogether to perceive anything interesting in his long hair, his eye-glass, his views, or his heterodoxy. His elegant repartee is to them but a poor substitute for the chaff of the period; he is always thinking about himself, he will not do things with other men when asked, and takes little interest in sports and amusements for their own sake. He may be interesting, but he is never jolly; he is like a wet blanket in the smoking-room, and he is too preoccupied to be amusing. He is dangerous out shooting, and looks uncomfortable on horseback; he is a bad walker, and has a holy horror of wet feet. The husbands and brothers of his lady admirers, instead of sharing their infatuation for him, dislike and despise him, and they have been known to speak of him as a double-distilled fool.

When the interesting man is no longer young, he is apt to relapse into a being with a grievance. At the same time it must be conceded that interesting young men occasionally attain to great distinction. Powerful patronesses are a great assistance on the ladder of fame. The profession of those we are describing, is, like the Bar, one in which few can succeed. Nevertheless, as all trades are so overstocked in these days, thin lads who feel a vocation may do worse than seek situations as interesting young men.

THE REPORT ON THE WINE DUTIES.

THIS Report, which has scarcely as yet attracted the attention it deserves, has the very great merit of being clear and decisive. The Committee state emphatically, and without any undue regard for official susceptibilities, that the principle on which wines are now taxed is a wrong one, and that those who laid it down did not understand the subject with which they had to deal. A rule founded on error was likely to do harm; and the Committee are strongly of opinion that the present rule has done a great deal of harm. They recommend, therefore, that it should be swept away; and they state what method of levying the duty on wines ought, in their opinion, to be substituted for it. It is true that, with regard to one important point, they do not make a definite suggestion; but no one who reads their Report can doubt that they have respecting this matter a perfectly clear opinion, which they have not expressed from a desire to avoid dictating too much.

The rule to which they so strongly object is the well-known one which heavily taxes wines containing more than a certain proportion of alcohol. By it the limit of alcoholic strength is fixed at 26 degrees, and on all wines below that standard the very moderate duty of 1s. a gallon is paid to the Customs. On wines which exceed this strength, but do not exceed 42 degrees, 2s. 6d. a gallon is paid; or, in other words, when the limit of 26 degrees is passed, the duty flies up 150 per cent. That this is a singular method of levying duties, and that very strong reasons are required to justify it, is obvious. It may be

assumed that a standard of strength must be fixed, and if that standard were a high one, there might be good grounds for subjecting all wines which exceeded it to a large increase of charge; but it certainly seems strange that it should have been thought advisable to make the increase of duty so great when the standard was fixed at 26 degrees. The fact that, under such a rule, wines not of excessive alcoholic strength would be most unfairly taxed, as compared with others, and might be altogether excluded from the markets, must have been clear even to the official mind; and it might be thought that those who devised the present system had in view considerations of sufficient weight to counterbalance its remarkable unfairness. Even when all the vagaries of English financiers are allowed for, such an expectation would not be unreasonable. Any one indulging it would, however, be doomed to disappointment; for when the reasons for the existing rule are sought, they prove to be of the most flimsy character; and, considering how often attention has been called to this subject, and how often it must have been apparent that there was but small justification for the method which is followed, it is not a little surprising that it should have been followed for so long. The object of the framers of the rule was no doubt a legitimate one. In the language of the Committee it was "to devise a system of duties that would facilitate the consumption in this country of genuine wine, under provisions ensuring the necessary safeguard against importation of spirit under the disguise of wine, to the detriment of the revenue derived from spirits." Having this object in view, the framers of the rule proceeded to attain it by a singularly short and simple process. They created a purely imaginary fact, and then legislated on the assumption that this fact was indisputable. For reasons which have never been discovered, they came to the conclusion that "natural wine"—i.e. wine with only so much spirit added as is necessary to make it a merchantable commodity—could not exceed 26 degrees of alcoholic strength, and that all wines above that strength were spirituous fluids, calculated, perhaps, to supplant gin, and to interfere with the revenue obtained from that delectable British product. It was not thought necessary, apparently, to inquire whether in Southern countries, owing to the action of the sun which is independent of official restriction, grapes might not produce a potent wine. The Custom House and the Board of Trade were too great and too wise to trouble themselves about such questions as these. It was necessary to come to a conclusion, and a decisive conclusion was come to without overmuch of the investigation which causes men to hesitate and to be cautious. Natural wine, it was held, could not exceed 26 degrees of alcoholic strength; this being accepted as certain, the rule was laid down and adhered to.

Now it is clear, and, indeed, has been clear for long, that this supposition was erroneous, and that the rule was based on error. What is called "natural wine" may have a strength of more than 26 degrees. On this point the evidence is overwhelming, and the Committee, who obviously do not feel any doubt respecting it, are at no very great pains to conceal their contempt for the bungling which produced the present system. They say, speaking of what may be called the 26 degrees hypothesis:—

Your Committee are of opinion it has been conclusively shown that this assumption was erroneous. Witnesses, official and unofficial, have spoken to the existence of wines which, without the addition of extraneous spirits, have obtained a strength over 26 degrees. It has also been shown that there are many wines which cannot acquire a merchantable character for the general markets of the world without alcoholization. The term natural wine in connexion with a standard of 26 degrees, supposed to mark off two specifically distinct categories of liquid, appears to have been a misleading definition, due solely to the limited practical knowledge as to the nature and character of wine which prevailed in this country at the time when the present duties were being framed. Your Committee fully recognize that the wish to give preferential advantage to the wine products of any particular country in no manner entered into the motives for a scale of duties subjecting wines of a certain class to disproportionately higher charges. It is sufficient, in refutation of such a supposition, to point to the fact that the same scale of duties applies to our own Colonies.

It is then certain beyond dispute that the assumption on which the present rule was founded was wrong, and, in the opinion of the Committee, who of course had to pronounce on the matter, very mischievous results have been produced by this regulation which was due to a fallacy. To prove that its effect has been to no small extent prejudicial, they bring forward facts and arguments which can hardly fail to convince those who give them any attention. First, they point out that the present scale has not been calculated to promote the consumption of wine in the same way as a less onerous scale of duties would have done, or, in other words, that the importation of certain wines has been checked or prevented by the existing duties. The consumer has of course suffered. His liberty of choice has been restricted, and he has practically been deprived of some of the wines of France, Spain, and Portugal. Custom House officials appear to entertain the singular idea that he does not really lose anything, inasmuch as he would not drink these wines if he could get them. Mr. Seddon, of that department, said that he did not think that any reduction of duty would lead to an increased consumption of Spanish or French wine. This singular view, which certainly seems contrary to all that experience teaches on the subject, was entirely opposed to that of various gentlemen engaged in the wine-trade who appeared before the Committee, and who said that, in their opinion, a reduction of duty would lead to a largely increased consumption of wine, and to the introduction of wines, at present excluded, which would be acceptable to a large class of customers. It seems scarcely disputable, therefore, that the consumer suffers, and we shall endeavour to show later on that considerable good might possibly be done if

some wines now shut out could be placed within reach of the poorer classes. Besides checking importation, the existing duties, in the opinion of the Committee, hold out an inducement to the manufacture of inferior wines, and the consumer is therefore doubly injured. More important even than the wrong done to him is another evil which has been brought about by the present system. That is the indignation which it has caused in other countries, and the consequent effect on at least one foreign tariff. The wine producers of Spain and Portugal do not view with equanimity a scale which handicaps their wines, and keeps a considerable proportion of them out of the market altogether. Very strong dissatisfaction, according to the evidence of all the witnesses with personal knowledge of Spain and Portugal who appeared before the Committee, is felt at the English system of wine duties which operates prejudicially on the staple exports of these countries. This dissatisfaction has not been without results, so far, at least, as Spain is concerned. In defiance perhaps of the laws of political economy, but naturally enough, it must be said, retaliation has been resorted to, and, as is well known, British products are largely taxed. The Committee say:—"In Spain goods of British origin have been rendered liable to heavy differential duties since 1877. These duties are avowed to be in retaliation for what the Spanish Government persist in considering to be the unfair treatment to which the bulk of Spanish wine is subject in this country through our duties." The effect necessarily has been that English trade with Spain has declined; and it would appear that the full effect of the differential duties has not yet been felt, and that trade is likely to decline still further. In Portugal there are no differential duties; but the general tariff is excessively high. In neither country is there likely to be any change so long as the present wine duties are levied; but evidence was given before the Committee to the effect that very possibly there might be a change if these were readjusted. It appears, then, to be certain that a result of the present system of taxing wine has been to injure commerce, and it seems highly probable that commerce, which is now suffering so much, might be benefited if that system were modified.

As to the manner in which it should be modified the Committee seem to feel no doubt. They reject absolutely *ad valorem* duties, stating that "all witnesses, official and technical, have concurred in pronouncing such duties impracticable, and calculated to invite fraud." From a passage in the draft report submitted by the Chairman, which was left out in the Report finally adopted, it may be learnt that what appears at first sight the best plan for taxing wines—that is, fixing a standard and then charging a small amount of duty for every degree of strength above that standard—would lead to constant disputes with merchants and would give very great trouble. Having apparently come to the conclusion that the levying of duties according to a nicely-adjusted scale would be impracticable, the Committee pronounce in favour of a system similar to the present one, but with a different standard of strength. They say that, in their opinion, the satisfactory settlement of the question will be "the imposition of 1s. duty per gallon on wine up to a fixed limit of strength higher than 26 degrees, to be fixed by the Executive, with a charge for every degree in excess of this limit that shall bear approximate relation to the duty per degree paid by spirits." What the limit should be they do not say; but it may fairly be inferred from a passage in the Report that, in their opinion, a standard of a little less than 40 degrees would be the best one.

A wide extension of the limit of strength would open the English markets to wines which are now shut out from them; and probably, in return for a change beneficial to the interests of countries which at present exclude our products, alterations in hostile tariffs might be obtained. The revenue derived from the duty on wine might fall at first, but it is not improbable that before very long the receipts would rise rapidly. One portion of the revenue, the annual sum received from the duty on spirits, would very likely be permanently lessened; but, to all except officials of the Inland Revenue and distillers, this would seem a matter, not for lamentation, but for rejoicing. If wine takes to a considerable extent the place of the fiery spirits which are now consumed in such huge quantities, a most beneficial change will indisputably have been made, and the loss to the revenue will, in comparison, be of very small moment. That wine may, to some extent, replace spirits if the recommendation of the Committee is carried out appears not impossible. For such cheap wines as are now imported into this country the poorer classes care not at all. Light claret seems to them a weak and sour abomination; but it is quite possible that, if the stronger and differently flavoured wines, which it is said can be sold at a very cheap rate, were obtainable, they might become popular, and might in time supplant the horrible brandy, gin, and whisky of the public-house. Should this happen, alcohol in a tolerably wholesome form will take the place of alcohol in the most unwholesome form; and if such a result is obtained by the alteration recommended, which may make such wines as are liked by the masses obtainable, great good will have been done. The alteration is evidently one by which there is much to be gained and little to be lost. It is impossible that any Government can persist in preserving a rule which had its origin in official ignorance, and has been maintained by official obstinacy.

AN ARABIC "PUNCH."

MOST visitors to Cairo, or indeed any town in the Levant, have seen a ludicrous exhibition of rude jests, bear-fighting, and unseemly gestures carried on by two fantastically dressed personages known as Cáracús and Iwás, the Turkish equivalents for Punch and Judy, and this exhibition dates from a remote antiquity, and has been supposed to represent the Fescinnine games. But though the East has thus its Punch and its Charivari, it has hitherto had no literary representative of the hero of the cudgel, and satire has till now been a weapon almost exclusively wielded by poets and generally couched in the most classical language. The march of events has, however, developed a new phase of literature, and the East has lately produced some most successful lampoons, written in the popular, vulgar Arabic dialect, while the Government of the ex-Khedive of Egypt has very naturally formed a butt for the native satirist. The late Risk Allah Hassoun, one of the most brilliant Arabic writers of modern times, wrote a series of political satires, amongst which were a version of Kriloff's fables in verse, full of clever hits at Turkish politics, and a poem in which Ismail Pasha's financial misdoings were sharply criticized. Both these productions were written in elegant Arabic, but the same author also wrote for private circulation a collection of poems in the vulgar Syrian dialect, in which a private person was the object of satire, and which would compare favourably with the most scathing invectives of Western journalism. We have now before us a publication consisting of thirty numbers of an Arabic comic illustrated journal, directed against the ex-Khedive and his policy, and published in Paris for surreptitious circulation in Egypt. This is a remarkable production, and deserves to be known beyond the limits of an Arabic-speaking audience. It is ostensibly written by a certain "Professor James Sanua," of 65 Rue de Provence, Paris, though both the style and the portrait which adorns the title-page remind us of another Oriental gentleman and scholar well known in Paris. The *nom de plume* of the author-editor is Abou Naddarah Zerká, "the father (that is, the possessor) of blue spectacles," of whose career a short French introduction gives an amusing and characteristic account, principally extracted from the Cairo correspondence of *L'Europe Diplomatique*.

Possessing a knowledge of several languages beside his own, Abou Naddarah gained his livelihood by giving lessons in European languages and sciences to the sons and even the daughters of Pashas and other wealthy persons in Cairo, and numbered amongst his pupils several members of the Viceroy's family. Having a remarkable facility for improvising composition both in prose and poetry in his own native Arabic, together with a great power of histrionic declamation, he invented a species of drama which he used to recite to a select audience of friends. The pungent sarcasm and humour of these declamations, and the real pathos with which they were varied, soon made them more widely known, and attracted, amongst others, the ex-Khedive, who was frequently present at Abou Naddarah's "evenings," and gave him the title of the Egyptian Beaumarchais. Unfortunately for himself, Abou Naddarah was an enthusiast and a patriot; and the wrongs of the Fellah and the corruption of Ismail's Government were treated by him in terms which quickly brought upon him the displeasure of the authorities, and made it necessary for him to seek a change of climate. Once safe in Paris, he began to publish his journal, in which he unmercifully exposed the misdoings of Ismail and his ring; and the paper, widely, though secretly, circulated in Cairo and Turkey, went no little way in stirring up those feelings of indignation which have since resulted in the deposition of the Khedive. The effect produced by it may be judged from the following incident. A certain noble in Cairo had given a grand *fête*, at which Ahmed Salem, the celebrated singer, was to execute some of his choicest pieces. It so happened that a clandestine vendor managed to dispose of some copies of Abou Naddarah's last number among the guests; and, as their attention was thus distracted from the singing, the host wished to turn the man out. The guests, however, rebelled at this, and insisted upon Ahmed Salem singing a song which this number contained, and which, although apparently harmless, is full of covert and seditious allusions, all of which the audience perfectly understood and sympathized with. The refrain of this song was:—

Wel Halim yehlam bihilmo
We be ahkámú lutáf
We bi' amláke Khesmo
Thomm yerlá' minná náf.

"And the Clement One will be clement to us by his excellent judgments; and will sell the estates of his Opponent, and then raise the yoke from our necks." This appears merely a pious and harmless hymn; but, when we remember that Halim, "the Clement One," is the name of the Prince whose cause Abou Naddarah espoused, and whom so many people in Egypt wished to see on the throne instead of Ismail, and when we remember the troublesome questions which arose about the latter's estates, the verse assumes a very different complexion. Ahmed Salem was thrown into prison with his troupe of musicians, and was only released, at the intercession of the princesses and ladies of the harem, on the express condition that they should never again perform within the city.

Abou Naddarah's paper does not consist of news, or even of political articles, in our acceptance of the term; but is a *mélange* of dialogues, epigrams, letters, and popular songs, all, however, having the same end and object in view. The Khedive is seldom mentioned by name, but is spoken of as Pharaoh, or by some other

choice appellation, such as "Sheikh ul Harah," "Chief Man of the Quarter," a term which in Arabic slang is also equivalent to the word which arouses so much indignation in the breast of the freedman in Lord Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*. One short story, taken at random from the contents, will give some idea of the style, and it is far from being an exaggeration of the truth:—

Amongst the many strange and wonderful things that have happened is this, that one of the followers of the "chief man of the quarter" gave a poor fellah, say a hundred eggs, with orders to get him fowls hatched out of them without losing an egg. The poor fellah took them, in spite of himself, and having other oppressive imposts which prevented him from attending to this duty, handed them over to his wife. After she had attended to them for some time half the eggs turned out bad, and the rest were hatched into chickens, which she brought up with great care and tenderness. Notwithstanding this, the greater part of them died, and out of the hundred eggs there were scarcely twenty fowls after all her trouble. They, however, made up the hundred from their own stock and gave them to the officer, who complained that they were too small, and that the cock was weak, and that it was all the poor fellah's fault. And this is the sort of thing that goes on, but which, I think, no one ever did before from Adam's time until our own.

The illustrations, though only rude pen-and-ink sketches, for the most part horribly out of drawing, are very clever, and represent the ex-Khedive under all sorts of ridiculous or disgraceful circumstances. In one he is dressed as a mountebank, and singing for joy at Abou Naddarah's departure from Cairo; in another he is transformed into a fox, and exhibited by a fellah at a fair. Again, he is sitting on a throne, bloated with good living and indolence, while Mr. Rivers Wilson, standing in front of him, exhibits the keys of the public treasury to appease the clamorous bankers and bondholders, and the Viceroy's creatures fill their master's pockets secretly with the taxes that have been collected. Later on we see him, with Nubar Pasha, making off with the money-chest at the fire at Abdine; in another place he recoils horror-struck from the phantom of Ismail Sadik, who appears to him at a banquet, and accuses him of his murder. On another page we have three small tableaux, representing (1) an officer, with his wife and family starving around him; (2) the same officer drinking coffee at an audience with the Khedive, in which he asks for his arrears of pay; (3) the coffin of the officer, the necessary consequence of the coffee he has drunk. The last of the pictures represents Ismail Pasha standing on the ruins of Egypt, regardless of the starved corpses of his subjects, which lie around, while Halim Pasha mounts to the rescue followed by his officers and encouraged by Abou Naddarah. One or two pictures show a remarkable political prescience on the editor's part; that, for instance, in which the *émeute*, which actually took place two months after the appearance of the number containing it, is described under the form of a vision. It is indeed impossible to read the paper without feeling that the exiled humourist must have had private means of ascertaining what was going on in the palace at Cairo, and that he was in all probability supplied with information and means by members of the Khedive's own family. He did not succeed in raising Halim Pasha to the throne; but it is certain that "Professor James Sanua" had more to do with the changes that have lately taken place in Egypt than most people in Europe know of. It is a pity if such a man cannot live under Turkish rule without the fear of coffee before his eyes; for satire of the kind, coarse and often bloodthirsty though it be, is in some measure corrective to terrorism and oppression.

REVIVAL OF TRADE WITH AMERICA.

AT a time when there is so much that is gloomy in the commercial outlook, when rumours of failures and embarrassments in this trade or in that abound, when all our great industries are depressed, and when the fears appear only too well-grounded that the coming harvest will be worse even than those of the past four years, bad as they were, it is satisfactory to find that there is one glimpse of brightness. This is discovered in the growth of our exports to the United States since the beginning of the present year. The importance of the United States as a customer need not be proved, but it may be well to illustrate and define it so as to make more clear the significance of the facts which we are about to lay before our readers. The depression under which the commercial world has so long been labouring first manifested itself in Vienna in the May of 1873. But, although the panic in that city continued intermittently throughout the summer, we felt no effects of it in England. Our business relations with Germany are close and considerable, and Germany was profoundly affected by the Austrian crisis, yet amongst us no heed was given to the danger that was imminent. In September, however, occurred the Jay Cooke stoppage, and in the beginning of the following November the Bank rate was nine per cent., and we were in the midst of a most serious crisis. We do not forget the part played in that conjuncture by the large German withdrawals of gold. But after events have proved beyond doubt that our crisis was the direct consequence of the panic in New York, though unquestionably it was aggravated by the German monetary reform. The rapidity with which the crash in the United States reacted upon our money market illustrates the intimacy of the relations subsisting between the two countries. A change in the condition of one certainly makes itself felt by the other. In the year before the Jay Cooke failure the exports of British and Irish produce and manufacture to the United States were of the value of 40½ millions sterling, without reckoning the

freight, commissions, and insurance earned by our shipowners, agents, and underwriters. In other words, 15½ per cent., or nearly one-sixth of all the goods of native growth or workmanship which we sold to the rest of the world, including our colonies, and dependencies, were bought by the United States. It is easy to see that a serious falling-off in so vast a trade must very materially affect our prosperity. And there was an extraordinary decrease in American purchases from us. The destruction of credit by the panic of 1873 was such that factories and workshops of all kinds were closed all over the Union; and crowds of men and women, unable to find employment, were suddenly left to starve in every city and town. The result was an immediate decrease in the imports into the United States. This was so marked in the last three months of 1873 that the imports of that year were immensely less than in 1872, though in the first nine months there had been a great increase; and every year since the diminution has gone on to the end of December last. In 1872 the exports from this country to the United States were valued at 40,736,597*l.*; last year their value was only 14,552,000*l.* This is a decrease of 26,184,597*l.*, or just 64 per cent. In the Report of the Commissioners of Customs, published last week, we find a list both of the quantities and the values of the goods exported to the United States in 1874 and 1878. In 1874 the falling-off had already proceeded a considerable way. The exports were then only 28,241,080*l.*, which is a decrease from 1872 of almost 12½ millions, or over 30 per cent. Yet it may be worth while to show in detail some of the decreases since 1874. We find, then, in beer and ale a falling-off in the quantity exported of 60 per cent.; in cotton goods, of 53½ per cent.; of linen goods, 30 per cent.; of woollen manufactures, from 57 to 85 per cent.; of pig iron, 25 per cent.; of cast or wrought iron, 84 per cent.; and of railroad iron, 99 per cent. The falling-off in every case is in quantities, and it throws a new light upon the depression through which we are passing.

The depression in the United States worked its own cure. The idle crowds migrated from the towns to the new States and Territories of the West, and settled down upon the land. Fortunately for them, however unfortunately for us, a series of bad harvests set in at the same time in Western Europe, and created an unprecedented demand for the produce of their industry. And, furthermore, the war into which Russia plunged greatly diminished her competition. It was not only, however, that a ready market was found in Europe for the corn and cotton, the meat and butter, which the agriculturists of the United States had to sell; the very depression itself favoured them. It cheapened labour to an unexampled extent. It reduced the prices of machinery, implements, and manures. And, above all, it lowered the charges of railways and steamships. Had there been plenty of traffic for both, as in the inflation period immediately following the Franco-German war, their charges would have continued prohibitive. In 1872 and 1873 farmers in Iowa found it economical to burn their surplus Indian corn. It used to be said that a cart-load in those days had to be paid for a pair of boots, and that the cost of conveying one bushel to New York was five bushels. Moreover, the steamships were fully employed in more remunerative traffic. It consequently would not have paid to have converted vessels into huge refrigerators. But when the more profitable business fell off, railway Companies and shipowners cultivated the grain, cattle, and meat trades, and the exportation of these commodities reached such dimensions as to fill the agriculturists of the Old World with alarm. These accidental favouring circumstances brought a flood of wealth into the United States. For three years in succession the exports greatly exceeded the imports—that is to say, the country as a whole sold much more than it bought; and, of course, the growers of corn, cotton, and tobacco, the feeders of cattle and pigs, the makers of butter and cheese have been growing rich. It was inevitable that they should increase their expenditure. Masses of men and women do not voluntarily pinch and pare. Here and there an individual does. But the great majority of mankind like to enjoy themselves; and they indulge their liking when they can afford it. Americans contracted their purchases because they could not help it, because in fact they had not the means of keeping them up. But their new prosperity gives the means, and they are certain to increase their expenditure. At first the farmers would naturally increase their home purchases. By doing so they would impart activity to the industries patronized; and as orders poured in, and the employers began to be busy, the workpeople would demand higher wages. In many cases the competition of employers would make them concede the demand; in other cases there would be a strike. In either event prices would go up. Thus necessarily American manufactured goods would become dearer than British, in spite of distance and protective tariffs. And then an active demand for British manufactures would arise. This is the course events have been taking. For nearly a year we have had evidences of improvement in the United States themselves. Of late, the import of British goods has increased. Some months ago it was announced that Mr. Vanderbilt found it more economical to buy steel rails in England than at home, and other railway magnates have followed the example. Nor are the railway kings singular in this. The *Statist*, analysing the Board of Trade Returns for June, extracted the principal articles exported to the United States, and showed that there has been a steady increase in them since New Year's Day. For June alone the increase, compared with the previous June, was 48 per cent. We find the in-

crease both for the month and the six months, in cotton, linen, jute, and woollen manufactures, in pig iron, wrought or cast iron, railroad iron, and machinery; the very articles, that is, in which the decrease in previous years was most marked. Thus, if American prosperity goes on growing, we may expect to see the exports to the United States growing with it, and infusing life into British trade and industry.

So far as one can judge, the improvement in the United States is real. It is based, as we have just seen, on an extension of cultivation and an exceptionally good return for a succession of years; and, after all, an increase of the fruits of the earth is the foundation of all true wealth. It must not be concealed, however, that there are causes for uneasiness. The resumption of specie payments, of which Americans boast so much, is in reality an inflation of the currency. The greenbacks remain in circulation, and to these has been added a mass of gold and silver. This has fostered speculation, which by and by may be productive of embarrassment. The situation is, therefore, not without its dangers. But, on the other hand, the persistent bad weather, which is so disastrous to Europe, will pour new wealth into the United States. According to the last report of the Agricultural Bureau the acreage under grain is larger than it has ever before been, and although at the end of June the condition was not as favourable as twelve months ago, the deterioration was not considerable, and there was abundance of time for improvement. It is enough, however, if there is no serious widespread damage. It is unfortunately only too certain now that the demand for American produce during the next year throughout Western Europe will be enormous. It is probable, therefore, that the Americans will dispose of their vast food supplies at enhanced prices, and thus that the year will for them be an exceptionally prosperous one. If it is, we may expect a great increase of our exports to the United States. Of course we do not hold out this prospect as a compensation for the bad harvest we are likely to have at home. Agriculture is still the greatest of British industries; and an increased demand for some of our manufactures would but ill make up for its continued depression. Still, if we are to suffer depression, it is something that we should have a reasonable probability of that increased demand.

THE OPERAS.

M. ROUDIL has attempted the part of Mephistopheles in *M. Faust*, as was to be expected from his reputation as a dramatic baritone. We have before said that we consider M. Roudil to be a good vocalist endowed with a beautiful voice, and we can say no more in his favour after hearing him in this part. The very difficult music in the first act was admirably sung by him, and all through the opera he did all that careful and skilful singing could do for the part. His natural, or acquired, fault of the tremolo, however, went far to destroy his effects, even as a vocalist, in such parts of the music as demand powerful delivery of sustained notes—e.g. in the incantation in the second act and in the cathedral scene. As for his dramatic expression of the character, it is difficult to find words to express its feebleness and want of perception. The Mephistopheles indicated by the composer is a true fiend, grotesque perhaps, and certainly possessed of a certain devilish sense of humour, but yet having dignity and power. M. Roudil, as far as he can be said to have any conception of the character, conceives him, or at all events represents him, as a very good-humoured bourgeois, who happens to be Faust's companion, and whose vulgar *bonhomie* leads him to laugh heartily at any expression of serious emotion. In fact, we can but say that many better performances of this important character have been given by singers who have not half M. Roudil's vocal skill, and who have far less natural powers. His appearance was by no means good, and he falls into the usual practice of wearing two feathers in his cap, instead of one only, the distinguishing mark of a fiend, sorcerer, or "no canny man" generally, as may be seen from German legends, and especially from Retzsch's drawings. The occasion on which we heard M. Roudil's performance was, however, remarkable for one of the finest performances of Margherita which Mme. Nilsson has ever given. Without altering her reading of the character, she has considerably changed her method of conveying that reading to the audience. One beautiful touch is in the vision and the garden scene. Here Mme. Nilsson has successfully carried the Wagner idea of a *leitmotif* from music to acting. Improving on Mme. Gerster, who was, we believe, the first to attempt acting in the vision, Mme. Nilsson first stops her spinning-wheel to adjust the spun flax on the reel, then resumes her spinning, and finally falls into a reverie, all of which movements are repeated at the beginning of the garden scene. As a dramatic singer she gained an even higher position than she has ever held before by the beautiful poetic meaning which she gave to the "Jewel Song," too often used as a mere opportunity for the display of technical skill and training. The performance was under the direction of M. Sainton; and, thanks to his excellent conducting, it went as well as if Sir Michael Costa had held the baton and the band had not lost the services of M. Sainton. Before leaving this opera we must notice with regret that Mme. Nilsson has fallen into the too common practice of singing the passage "No, signor, io non sono damigella" with

"feeling and expression." We have before explained our views on the real value and meaning of these few bars. We maintain that beyond, perhaps, a slight *rallentando* and dropping of the voice at the end, they ought to be sung as they are written, and with almost mechanical coldness. We may also say that Signor Galassi has improved his acting of the part of Valentine by somewhat toning down the death scene. Without sacrificing effect he has abandoned some of his very powerful realism, which formerly made his acting in this situation of the opera rather repulsive. However, any fairly good performance of *Faust* at this house is pleasant, as our feelings are not here outraged at the very beginning of the opera by the extraordinary attempt which is made at Covent Garden to improve on the ideas of Goethe, MM. Carré and Barbier, and M. Gounod, to which we have referred in former articles.

Mme. Gerster has added Dinorah to her repertoire, a part which ought to suit her admirably, offering as it does ample opportunity for the display of florid vocalization and delicate dramatic feeling. But, whether it be due to the ill-health which Mme. Gerster has suffered under throughout the season, or whether it be due to an absolute failure to grasp the character, her impersonation was merely conventional. Her singing, however, was admirable. The Corentino was Signor Frapolli, who not only sang the music very well, but showed considerable stage ability; his conception of the character is that it should resemble a comic peasant in a ballet or pantomime, which, considering all things, is perhaps the right one, and this is carried out with some humour and great agility. M. Roudil walked through the part of Hoel and sang the music admirably. Mlle. Tremelli sang the goatherd—the part in which we first heard her last season: her voice was in better order than it was when we heard her in *Lohengrin*, but still its quality is not so beautiful as it was when she first appeared in England. However, hearing her in her old part we felt even more strongly the great progress she has made as a vocalist. The general performance under Sir Michael Costa was very good. The singularly ineffective "real water" scene which we commented on last season is still used.

Although Mr. Mapleson began his season some time after the opening of Covent Garden, he has brought it to an end before Mr. Gye has closed his theatre. But Her Majesty's still remains open for a short time with performances at reduced prices. Amongst these *Lohengrin* has been given, with Mlle. Hauk as Elsa. We hope to have another opportunity of hearing this performance and criticizing it fully; for the present we need only say that Mlle. Hauk agreeably surprised even her greatest admirers by playing the part very well.

Mignon has also been repeated, with Mme. Marie Roze as the heroine. Mme. Roze has been making steady progress as an actress for some years past; and in *Mignon*, in spite of the difficulties she has to contend with, she succeeded in giving a clever, well-executed performance. Indeed, in the expression of the stronger emotions of the part—sullenness, jealousy, and rage—her acting was admirable. During the long scene of flirtation between Guglielmo and Filina in the latter's dressing-room, when Mignon in her page's dress is pretending to sleep in a chair by the fire, Mme. Roze not only showed herself to be an accomplished actress by her display of emotion, but also exhibited true dramatic feeling in the quiet way in which she acted, always taking care not to obtrude her byplay so as to interfere with the general action of the scene. Her voice was not in good order, which probably accounts for some occasional false intonation. Perhaps the best piece of singing in her performance was the recitative "Ohimè sol dell' infanzia mia" which precedes the air "Non conosco quel suolo," and in which Mignon describes her being carried away by the gipsies when a child. Mme. Roze is not so happy in expressing the lighter emotions, and wisely made hardly any attempt to show the playful side of Mignon's character. When forced to do so by the situation where Mignon paints her face at Filina's toilet-table, and then puts on one of the actress's dresses, she was not able to make much effect.

The ballets having been now properly rehearsed, we can say that they are prettily arranged and fairly well danced. The roof of the conservatory in the fire scene is still rather obstinate, and seems more ready to wave about in the air like a banner than to fall in with a crash. Whilst on the subject of the stage arrangements we may notice with some wonder and curiosity that, when the strolling players enter, all the ladies of the company carry large light coloured umbrellas open, and are dressed in long garments, much resembling modern waterproofs. Whether this is done to indicate the fact that they are travelling, or whether at any period of the world's history light umbrellas and waterproofs have been part of the distinguishing costume of an actress, we cannot say.

At Her Majesty's Theatre another well-known opera has been produced for the first time—Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*, which has not often been heard of late years, although it is one of the composer's most tuneful and dramatic works. Mme. Gerster appeared as Linda, and was in very good voice. She seemed to revel in the brilliant music and the numerous florid cadences of the work, performing the most difficult feats of vocalization with an ease and grace which completely destroyed that nervous feeling of apprehension which such displays often excite in the minds of an audience when attempted by singers of less skill. Her acting was charming, and in parts powerful. The grief at parting with her parents, her girlish joy at meeting Pierotto, and her love for Carlo were all expressed with beautiful delicacy, and the confiding, simple nature of the peasant-girl thoroughly

brought out. Her highest effort, however, was perhaps the most successful. After Antonio has cursed his daughter and she goes mad, Mme. Gerster assumed, and kept up until the last scene, a fixed, stony stare of madness; then, as Carlo continued his pleadings and protestations that he was free and ready to fulfil his vows to her, bright flashes of half-returning consciousness, marred by mad cunning, crossed her face, until she fell back fainting amongst the women and came out again with the same bright, girlish expression with which she began the opera. Signor Frapolli was a very good Carlo, and Signor Galassi was excellent as Antonio, Linda's father; his singing was admirable throughout, and if his representation of age was perhaps a little overdone, the scene in which he suspects his daughter's honour, and finally curses her, was a fine piece of acting. The Pierotto was Mme. Trebelli. The character is not an important one dramatically, but all the acting that was required was well done. And the important music of the part was sung as only Mme. Trebelli can sing it. The general performance was as good and as smooth as if the opera had been played hundreds of times, which shows a fitting desire to make the cheap performances as perfect as those in the regular season. Such a performance, even of well-known music, on the first night of the production of an opera in a theatre where it has not before been played, can only be given after careful and laborious rehearsal, which Sir Michael Costa has evidently given to this work, although it is produced at the end of a long and fatiguing season.

REVIEWS.

GUEST'S LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

THE author of these Lectures begins with an apology for adding another book, and on so well-worked a subject, to the number already in existence. Her justification is that her book grew out of an endeavour to supply a want which she herself has felt. "In writing these Lectures," she says, "I had no most distant intention of making a book. They were genuine Lectures, given week by week to a class of students in the College for Men and Women in Queen Square. . . . When I began to prepare the lessons, I found indeed innumerable books, but no book, no one book, which was not either too learned, too copious, too trivial, or too condensed for my exact purpose." So, in short, Miss Guest tried her own hand as an historian, and here is the result.

The work has both the merits and demerits which we might expect on hearing this account of its origin. Considered as a history, its most striking fault is the disproportionate length of the earlier part. Out of 574 pages, 389 are given to the period before the accession of Henry VII. From the battle of Bosworth to the battle of Waterloo is disposed of in 179 pages, less than a third of the whole. This cannot be said fairly to represent the relative importance of the earlier and the later history. Certainly it may be pleaded with some force that it is in the earlier part that the learner most requires explanation and comment. In reading of the political struggles under the later Georges, for example, he finds himself in a world not greatly differing from that with which he is familiar; while, in reading of the Wars of the Roses, he meets with a condition of things entirely outside of his own experience. A King-making noble, raising armies at his will, is a phenomenon which needs to be explained to those who are unfamiliar with the social state of bygone days. Such at any rate is the defence which we can imagine a lecturer making for his inattention to historical proportion.

One advantage the author has who tests his own work by *videt vocis* delivery—he is not likely to allow himself to be too hard, too dry, or too condensed for his pupils. His danger lies rather in the direction of discursiveness, of too much explanation and moralizing, and perhaps of degenerating from simplicity into twaddle. Miss Guest to some extent lays herself open to this last charge by her addiction to the epithet "poor," applied in a tone of affectionate or contemptuous compassion, as the case may be—"poor Edgar the Etheling," "poor young Edward," and so on. "But people whispered among themselves that poor Peter ought not to have been hung." Peter of Wakefield is the person meant; but the epithet at once calls up the memory of Poor Peter Peables. "Poor Richard," Oliver's son and heir, may be tolerated, though it suggests reminiscences of Poor Richard's Maxims; but "the poor old Long Parliament" we really cannot away with. Our sense of literary decorum is moreover shocked when Chaucer's Squire is tenderly described as "a dear young fellow." The same youth is further said to have received "a very nice education for a young officer." This is spoken in serious commendation; in two or three other passages the author indulges in a feeble irony—*e.g.*, referring to the well-known story of the slaughter of the reeve and his men in Dorsetshire, she says "Here is an account of the first visit the Dames paid to England, which gives a pleasant idea of them." At page 155 we are exasperated by the slipshod phrase, "He certainly *did not* have a glorious end." Now colloquialisms, "gushing" epithets,

* *Lectures on the History of England.* By M. J. Guest. With Maps. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

even feeble little jokes, may pass in verbal discourse, where they raise a momentary smile, and then are forgotten; but they should not be perpetuated in print. The book is in many respects so good, and the author's general tone is so far from being feeble, that it is the more pity she should sometimes do herself injustice by these manifest errors of style.

Miss Guest in her preface seems to think that "the large number of quotations and extracts" she has given requires, if not an apology, at least an explanation:—

My reason for doing this was the great desire I felt to induce my pupils to read for themselves; to enjoy individually the same delight which I found in the old literature of our country; to live themselves back as far as possible into the very times of which we were speaking; to breathe the same air, think the same thoughts, feel the same feelings as our fathers had done.

The theory is excellent; but the author has not always been judicious in her method of carrying it out. It is a mistake to give extracts from a seventeenth-century writer as if they were authoritative for the times of the Romans or the Normans. "A very delightful old English writer, Fuller, who tells the history of Christianity in our island, describes the difference between a common house and a palace." This is with reference to the dwellings of the ancient Britons. The pupil will naturally suppose that Fuller is in some special way an authority on early British architecture—that he is on a level with a writer like Bede, who, though not always contemporaneous with the events of which he writes, at any rate gives us the oldest traditions. Later on, Fuller is again brought in as if he was an authority for the Norman period. "This is how Fuller describes the coming over of these people"—the foreign artisans and tradesmen who followed in the train of the Norman conquerors. And then comes a lively quotation, beginning "Soon would the head of the best *Monsieur* ache without a hatter"; amusing, of course, and interesting in its way as an indication of seventeenth-century contempt for "the French finical humour," but worthless as a piece of eleventh-century history. So likewise it is impossible to see what good pupils are to derive from having their memories burthened with Sir Richard Baker's views upon King Arthur. Illustrations such as these can only do harm. There is nothing more difficult than to convince people that one old book is not as good as another. If the language has an archaic flavour, it is enough; an "old chronicler"—probably some seventeenth-century compiler—is at once accepted as an authority for the days of Cerdic or Ecgbert. A teacher who cites Fuller in the same breath with Caesar and Strabo, and Baker's Chronicle and Tennyson's Idylls along with Gildas, only encourages this erroneous tendency. Miss Guest has read, and in many respects profited by, Mr. Freeman's *Old English History*; and it is therefore strange that she should not have learned from him the importance of teaching the pupil to distinguish between one historical authority and another. Equally strange is it that, having read so much, she should still be capable of talking about "France, or Gaul, as it was then called," and of saying of the dwellers in Kent in the days of Caesar that, "as they were the nearest to France, they had perhaps learnt politeness from the French."

Defects like these strike the mind at once, and may easily cause a critic to dismiss the work with undue contempt. And yet, despite these faults, there is a great deal in it that is excellent; and, with some correction and revision, it might be made a very useful book of its kind. We have no doubt that Miss Guest, whilst giving her course of Lectures, did succeed in her aim of awakening "a real and vivid interest" in the life and growth of England. We may perhaps wonder that her pupils did not resent her "talking down" to them as if they were children; but, even with this weakness, Miss Guest has clearly considerable talents as a popular expositor. She has had the wisdom not to overcrowd her pages with facts, but fully to explain and illustrate those which she does give. It is possible, indeed, that people who are already familiar with English history may think her too didactic, and too laboriously explanatory. But for the class of readers whom she appears to have had in her mind—a class intelligent, alive to what goes on in their own day, but whose knowledge of the past is picked up from Shakespeare, Scott, or Tennyson, and to whom the social life, the thoughts and feelings of bygone ages, are unfamiliar—her method is probably the right one. The lecture entitled "The Teutons" is especially good; and Miss Guest is clear and decided in impressing upon her pupils the identity of the English language in its earlier and later stages:—

The earliest written English also seems very different from our English. So does a child of a year old look very different from the man or woman of fifty; nevertheless, it is only the same person at another age. And so, or almost so, is our English language as compared with the old English.

Other good passages are those dealing with Edward I.'s conquests of Wales and of Scotland, and with the effects of the Black Death under Edward III. As we have found fault with the style of some passages, it is only fair to give a specimen of the author at her best. Her account of the Armada and its destruction is one of the most spirited bits in the book; but as this is too long to extract, we will cite the paragraph on the rebuilding of Westminster Abbey:—

Just at this time a new style of architecture had come into existence, perhaps the most beautiful of any that has ever been invented by man, which we call Gothic. The old Saxon or Norman architecture, with its thick, massive pillars and round, richly-decorated arches, was grand and solemn and beautiful; but the new Gothic, which had taller and more slender pillars and pointed arches, was also grand and solemn and still more beautiful.

The Westminster Abbey which Henry III. built is the same we see and love so much now, the "loveliest thing in Christendom." When we look at it, when we walk along its stately aisles and look up to its lofty and shadowy roof, we feel that there were other thoughts in the hearts of the people of the middle ages besides the fighting and disputing which history books are full of—thoughts which they did not know how to put into words, but which breathe and live for us still in the unperishing stone. Lovely and sacred as we feel Westminster Abbey to be, we cannot help being grieved that Edward's old church, which had been thought so grand and wonderful in its day, and which, no doubt, was full of beauty and interest, was swept away. But those who destroyed it at least know in the fullness of their hearts and their enthusiasm that they could do something better still, and would make a still worthier abode for the shrine of Edward the Confessor.

The fairness with which religious subjects are treated is one of the best features of the book. We are glad to see that the author does not allow her pupils to fall into the common error of fancying that the laity in the Middle Ages were entirely ignorant of Scripture history. If we had space, we would quote the passage upon the ecclesiastical paintings and mystery-plays, or that describing the state of Christianity at the time of the conversion of England, or that, again, upon the early monasteries. It is rare to find a popular writer, who having evidently no High Church leanings, can yet deal in so fair and appreciative a spirit with the mediæval Church. Another token of the breadth of Miss Guest's views is that, while avowing sympathy with the Protestants, she can still do justice to Catholic martyrs such as More and Fisher. "We who are Protestants," she says, "are justly proud of our Protestant martyrs, and of their noble lives and deaths; but it would not be right to forget that there were good and true men on the other side too, who honestly thought they were right, and who also died nobly." In fact, the tone of the book is good throughout, with no violent partisanship, and with an evident sympathy and reverence for genuine religious feeling in any form, whether it be displayed by Dominicans and Franciscans in the thirteenth century or by Methodists in the eighteenth.

We have already intimated that the work, though undeniably clever, will need considerable revision before it can be accepted as thoroughly satisfactory. The account of Arthur of Brittany is too much coloured by Shakespearian reminiscences. Miss Guest quotes—inaccurately too—Constance's lament over her boy:—

And I shall never see my pretty Arthur more;

and adds the comment, "She never did," instead of warning her pupils that at the time of Arthur's capture his mother was no longer alive to weep for him. It would also have been well to mention that "my pretty Arthur" was a lad of fifteen, who had taken an active part in warfare against his uncle. From Shakespeare likewise the author has perhaps derived the date of Ascension Day as that of John's submission to the Pope:—

They even say that John took off his royal crown and laid it at the feet of the Pope's legate. People did not fail to take notice that this disgrace and shame happened on Ascension Day.

Now, the date of John's famous submission to the Subdeacon Pandulf—who was not then a legate—was May 15, which Roger of Wendover erroneously represents to have been the vigil of the Ascension; in reality it was eight days before Ascension Day. The actual performance of homage to the Papal Legate, Nicolas, Bishop of Tusculum—which has got mixed up with the better-known transactions with Pandulf—was not till October. Miss Guest altogether is not happy in dealing with the reign of John. She forgets her grammar when she writes of the King's power to make a widow "marry whoever he liked, not whoever she liked," and we could hardly believe our eyes when we saw John's French rival styled "the Dauphin Louis." It is inexcusable for any one who undertakes to teach history not to know that the assumption of the title of Dauphin by the French King's eldest son dates from the middle of the fourteenth century only. Again, she is hardly accurate in saying of the Magna Carta of John that "There were some curious additions made to it afterwards about the woods and forests." The provisions which Miss Guest mentions as "curious" were not added to the Great Charter, but were embodied in a separate document—the Forest Charter of Henry III. In speaking of the feudal reforms prescribed by the Great Charter, her language conveys the impression that the King's rights of relief and wardship were taken away altogether, whereas they were only restricted and limited. Passing on to the succeeding reigns, it was not to Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford, but to the Marshal Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, that Edward I. said, "Sir Earl, you shall either go or hang." We are somewhat surprised at hearing that the insurgents of 1381 "went on drinking Rhenish wine and Malmsey Madeira," because the grape is not supposed to have been cultivated in Madeira before its colonization by the Portuguese about 1421. A reference to the Statute of Premunire will show Miss Guest that *Premunire* is not, as she says, "the first word with which it began in Latin." What she was thinking of is the writ of *Premunire facias*. Of Thomas Cromwell she writes:—

Cromwell introduced a law which one wonders could ever have been adopted in so just and equitable a country as England—that persons accused of high treason should not be allowed to be heard in their own defence. It is very remarkable that when after a time Cromwell's will clashed with the King's, and he fell into disfavour, he was the first to suffer under that law.

This is not a very accurate way of expressing the fact that it became the practice to pass Acts of Attainder against suspected persons, without hearing them in their own defence. Cromwell,

who drew from the judges a reluctant admission that such attainders would stand good in law, was perhaps the first, at any rate an early, victim of this iniquitous procedure. We do not like the statement that the Protector Somerset provided materials for his palace by blowing up "a beautiful Roman Catholic chapel." The pupil will at once form an erroneous idea of the Roman Catholics under Edward VI. as a definite religious body, with their own places of worship. The chapel or church in question was one which had belonged to the Order of the Knights of St. John. In speaking of the establishment of School Boards in the present reign, the author exclaims, "Here is, indeed, a contrast to the old days when a serf was hindered from having his child taught to read or write!" We do not say that this is inaccurate, for undoubtedly efforts were made to hinder him; but there is a risk of the reader jumping to the conclusion that there was some actual legal restriction on education, which seems never to have been the case. At any rate, when the Commons in 1391 petitioned Richard II. that villeins might be forbidden to put their children to school, "*pur eux avancer par Clergie*," their petition was answered with "*Le Roi s'avisera*"; and in the next reign a statute which was passed on the prayer of the Commons, while it debarred the labourer from apprenticing his child to a craft, guarded the freedom of education by an express clause:—"*Purveux toutesfoiz qe chescun homme ou femme de quele estate ou condition qil soit soit fraunce de mettre son fitz ou file d'apprendre letteure a quelconque escole qe leur plest deinz le Roialme*."

BALZAC'S COMÉDIE HUMAINE.*

IT is M. Taine, we think, who compares the works of Balzac to a cathedral of the middle ages, a cathedral which was, in a sense, the public home of all classes and all ages. The cathedral sadly needs a showman, a cicerone whom English visitors can understand, and who understands English visitors. This worthy sacristan should not be an artist, nor a too æsthetic critic. He should know all about that vast labyrinthine edifice, *La Comédie Humaine*, and about the history of the architect; but he should not tell all he knows to the untutored public, the curious English Miss who likes to visit the fane. "Here," he should say, "is the Eugénie Grandet shrine, and there is Modeste Mignon's little chapel. That grotesque gargoyle, *Le Peau de Chagrin*, is reckoned fine, and there is a magnificent view from the tower of the Séraphitus Seraphita. Please observe the seats of them that change money, and the Nucingens haggling in the market place below." These interesting objects our literary cicerone might blamelessly point out, and depart not without a fee and the gratitude of the visitors. But there are many grotesques in Balzac's huge pile to which it is not necessary to draw the attention of the modest public. There are crypts haunted by ghosts of golden-eyed girls dead in their sins, and there is a skeleton built up in the walls of the chapel of La Grande Brétèche. The window, too, on which are depicted the events in the legend of Vautrin is not edifying.

To drop this architectural metaphor of M. Taine's, the literary guide to Balzac's works must be discreet, and not too enthusiastic. Mr. Walker, who is the author of a new treatise on Balzac, is not too enthusiastic and is not indiscreet. Yet we fear that, though his book is by no means destitute of value, he has missed the chance of writing a work much more useful and important. He begins by offering his reader a short sketch of "the *Comédie Humaine* and its author." The subject is so wide and so opulent in detail and in anecdote, that it might well oppress and overburden even an experienced author. Mr. Walker has avoided one fault—the fault which produces the most wearisome sort of writing—he has not tried to say everything about his subject. His introductory essay is but seventy pages in length, while two hundred and fifty pages are devoted to translations of *La Bourse*, *Gaudisart II.*, and *Albert Savarus*. These translations are not quite perfect, either in style or accuracy, as we shall presently try to show. But would Mr. Walker not have acted more wisely if he had devoted less space to translations, if he had not attempted to reproduce whole novels in English? We think that a capital and serviceable work might be composed by any one who should adopt, on a larger scale, the plan of Mr. Saintsbury in his recent series of essays on French novelists, published in the *Fortnightly Review*. He might allot more room to the personal history of Balzac and to the literary influences which were powerful in the development of his genius—a genius allied to, and yet in many ways remote from, the "Romanticism" of his period. The analyst would then assign each of the novels to its date in Balzac's life. For many of Balzac's tales are confessions, more or less veiled, and may be used, with caution, as materials towards a biography. Balzac, as Mr. Walker remarks, dwells much on the power of women and of money; "he never, for an instant, loses sight of the fact that there is no situation in life, however trivial or however critical, in which a man's sentiments, his conduct, and his fate are not influenced by money." It would not be impossible to illustrate this remark, and to illustrate the imaginative results of Balzac's relations with women by an analysis of the romance of different moments in his career. The task would be no light one; but a writer might show how the various parts of *La Comédie Humaine* grew, and he might then

criticize the later reconstruction and fusing of many stories and studies into the great whole. There would be room for analysis of the more important novels, and certain characteristic passages of no great length might be given in really careful and delicate translation. It is so easy to catch the general meaning of a French sentence that translators rarely devote real labour to the task of producing an exact and pleasing English equivalent. No one would now venture to translate the Greek or Latin classics in the slovenly fashion, regardless of style, which is thought good enough for French masterpieces.

Mr. Walker's plan is not that which we have tried to sketch, though we do not dream of blaming him because he has written a book *à son dévot*, and not our ideal guide to Balzac. His account of the novelist's history is as meagre as may be. He lays, however, a good deal of stress on Balzac's habits of work, his wonderful dressing-gown, his vigils, his coffee. George Sand says, in her autobiography, that she believes Balzac exaggerated in his conversation the peculiarities of his life, and that she frequently surprised him working like any ordinary man of letters. Mr. Walker has room to explain how Balzac won his wide and minute knowledge of Parisian life, and to criticize, with good sense and justice, his realistic manner, his multiplication of details. He is able to defend Balzac's morality, too; for Balzac, intending "to draw up an inventory of life," could not conscientiously omit anything; and, again, his romances certainly do not make evil alluring. If they are mischievous, it is because they tell much that might otherwise never be known by the reader. For this reason Mr. Walker glides very lightly over several stories and episodes; unlike the prurient moralists who really advertise the most dangerous works that they delight in denouncing. Mr. Walker then assigns the novels to their various dates; and there is many an *annus mirabilis* in the history of the author who wrote *Honorine*, *Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes*, and *Illusions perdues* in one year. Mr. Walker next states the method of arrangement later adopted by Balzac, and criticizes the cross divisions and inconsistencies of the system. Works of art which are really whole and harmonious in detail and *ensemble* are not produced by the afterthoughts which have influenced Victor Hugo and Mr. Tennyson in the artificial arrangement of idylls into a kind of epic. Sketches of the greater novels follow, and, brief as they are, give the English reader no bad idea of the conduct of the tales. Then come translations, as we have said, of three short stories.

Mr. Walker rather innocently explains why Balzac has not been translated:—

Perhaps one reason why he has not been more extensively translated is that readers sufficiently educated to appreciate his works would be able to read them in the original, and so insure a far greater treat than they could from any translation. That is an explanation highly creditable to the reading public.

Various other reasons have conspired to veil Balzac in the decent obscurity of a foreign language. One of these is the incompetence of translators. There is no great market for their works, and therefore they are paid at a price which copying clerks would disdain. Thus they are, as a rule, most inadequate workmen or workwomen; whereas to translate Balzac would tax the powers of the cleverest masters of style. We have seen many worse attempts than those of Mr. Walker; and yet those attempts are often stiff, often give the matter an air of *maiserie* (the most common fault in renderings from the French), and are not invariably accurate. For example, what English writer would ever talk about "the thousand forms of chastity which make a young man an object apart"? A young man capable of a thousand forms of chastity would indeed be a remarkable object. Yet it is thus that Mr. Walker renders "*son âme adolescent ne reconnaissait aucune des mille pudeurs qui font du jeune homme un être à part*." A young man may cherish many delicate reserves, which is not the same thing as practising a thousand forms of chastity. Here is another example:—

Pale as a lily, Rosalie made no answer to her mother, the violence of her disappointed sentiments rendered her so thoroughly stupid. But in the presence of this man, whom she hated so deeply since an instant ago, she put on the indefinable smile that dancers put on for the public. In short, she was able to laugh, she had strength to conceal her rage, which calmed itself down, for she resolved to employ this great silly young fellow for her own purposes.

The first sentence here, as rendered by Mr. Walker, really reminds us of nothing so much as of the well-known quotation from an historical romance:—"Here is a blasted flare up," said the Princess, whose girlish timidity had hitherto kept her silent." There is this sort of incongruity between the pale lily, "the disappointed sentiments," and the stupidity of Rosalie. Balzac would not have said in English that the violence of Rosalie's disappointment made her "thoroughly stupid." Nor is *enfin* properly rendered by "in short" in this passage. Once more, who would say in English, "I gave him a sombre look in bowing to him"? Yet again, Balzac would never have called a lay figure "a model"; yet Mr. Walker makes "model" the equivalent of *mannequin*. We might go on making similar criticisms at any length. Probably English people who know no French have little sense of delicacy in style, and, in reading a novel, small errors will not give them pause. Thus Mr. Walker's translations may be satisfactory enough to his readers; to any one who really cares for the art of translation they are far from satisfactory. The book, however, will be found instructive by many persons who are unable to explore French literature for themselves. As Mr. Walker says of *Ursule Mirouet*, "any young girl might read it without danger, and, possibly, not without interest."

* Balzac's *Comédie Humaine*. By H. H. Walker. London: Chatto & Windus. 1879.

HOME OFFICE PAPERS OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.*

ORDER in disorder is the distinguishing characteristic of those invaluable publications which issue from the Record Office. Each of the bulky instalments of the series contains the most extraordinary medley of disconnected facts. Yet, thanks to the learning and industry of editors like Mr. Redington, and his coadjutor in the preparation of the present volume, Mr. R. A. Roberts, they all shake comfortably into their proper places in the history of their period. What professes to be a mere catalogue of the business of a Government department leaves the reader, as he lays down the volume, with a clearer understanding of the tendencies of the time it covers than many an elaborate work throughout which he is kept continually in leading-strings.

The vividness of the effect this new and very important volume produces is not much to the credit of the four years it comprises. If Secretaries of State gathered their views of human nature from their official correspondence, they must have formed a very dreary opinion of mankind. Ireland and Irish politics form the largest single topic in the volume. Never was there so tangled and begrimed a skein. The brilliant Townshend was Lord-Lieutenant during the larger portion of the time. Mr. Froude has drawn largely on Lord Townshend's correspondence with Secretaries Lords Shelburne and Weymouth, which is here catalogued and summarized. The present volume enables inquirers into the relations between England and Ireland to test the accuracy of the historian's theories. The English Ministry had instructed Lord Townshend to persuade the Irish Parliament into increasing the standing army in Ireland from twelve to fifteen thousand men, and extending the duration of Parliament. He was also to be on his guard that the patriotic party in the island did not succeed in the design they cherished of fettering the King's liberty of granting pensions on the Irish revenue. The Octennial Act was finally passed, but any increase of the army was obstinately resisted, except on the terms of a pledge by the Crown to keep at least twelve thousand of the troops in the country. Irish public men of any freedom of spirit were especially apprehensive that the Irish army, maintained out of Irish taxation, might be used simply as a supplement of the English army. The wish to set bounds to the granting of pensions is explicable enough, in view of the evidence of shameful jobbery and corruption contained in this very volume. The Lord-Lieutenant himself on one occasion complains bitterly that his predecessors, by grants of employments for life and in reversion, and by filling others with double names, had so prodigally anticipated the favours of Government as to leave him scarce anything to bestow for the advancement of His Majesty's business. On all sides is heard a cry of "Give, give." The Lord-Lieutenant is at one moment in a state of hopefulness that leaders of the Opposition are coming round to the support of his policy. He writes to say that these patriots are "forming expectations," and entreats that he may be permitted to transmit their expectations at once for His Majesty's decision. Their expectations were solely of a private, not a public, nature. A delay of several months was made in appointing a Chancellor, and Parliament grew discontented. It was proposed, to the Lord-Lieutenant's dismay, to pass a Short Money Bill, granting supplies for three months at a time. The threat caused a panic in Downing Street. There it was regarded as being, as indeed it was, a demonstration against the English connexion. In the judgment of the Secretary of State and his Royal master it "stood condemned in the sight both of God and man." The Lord-Lieutenant asks for some speedy "marks of Royal favour" for those who had stood "early and firmly against the current." The marks of Royal favour were not only peerages, but pensions and new sinecures. Sometimes it is an old supporter of the Government, already enriched with places and grants, who is greedy for more. Lord Shannon, already Master-General of the Ordnance, "wishes to be appointed one of the Lords Justices." Mr. Speaker Ponsonby "expects" that the office of Examiner of the Customs, now in possession of his eldest son, shall be regranted to him and his brother for their joint lives. The wealthy and disinterested Hely Hutchinson, Prime-Sergeant, who has a dangerous gift of popular oratory, "expects" that provision should be made for the lives of his two sons by a grant to them, and the survivor of them, of some office of the value "at least" of 500*l.* a year. He also wants the title of viscountess for his wife. These gentlemen will not be content, adds the Lord-Lieutenant, without a clear engagement to reward them for carrying on the King's business. A little while later he writes home that all three are using all their influence to defeat the Bill for increasing the army. He assures the Secretary of State he can only make head against such unscrupulous persons by having the absolute disposal of revenue offices. He thinks, for instance, he might gain over Mr. Flood by promising him "the next vacant seat at the Board of Revenue." The Lord-Lieutenant obviously was convinced he could draw any politician in Ireland over to the side of the Court if he had the free use of the Pension list. The unlucky thing was, that as soon as a politician was overwhelmed with Court favours his zeal cooled. A member of Parliament might fight manfully for the Government. A place or pension was bestowed as a retainer for future services, when straightway he would abandon public life as if the reason for pursuing it further

were at an end. "It is a common trick," writes Lord Townshend, in a letter marked "most secret," "for people the moment they have obtained a good thing from Government through one Lord-Lieutenant to take the earliest occasion of quitting Parliament under his successor, by which means the intention of obliging them is defeated."

Throughout the correspondence, at this period, which the Lord-Lieutenant describes as "the crisis of Irish government," not a word can be found implying that either the Lord-Lieutenant or Ministry in London wasted a thought on the welfare of the Irish people. Once the Lord-Lieutenant deprecates any arrangement which might lead to a continuance of the riotous scenes of electioneering. But his anxiety was excited on grounds merely of police. In fact, the Irish people might as well have been non-existent for all the trace to be found of them in four important years. Once it is declared that "the generality of the kingdom" acknowledged the necessity of an increase of the standing army. The statement would have been audaciously untrue if made of the Irish natives. Of these, however, we may be sure Lord Townshend was not thinking at all. Yet signs might even then be discerned of the rise of a spirit which was to change the complexion and objects of Irish politics. The Lord-Lieutenant intimates suspicions that there are actually persons adventurous enough to form designs against the supremacy of the English Parliament over Ireland. He evidently looks upon the project as merely conceived for the purpose of diverting the stream of pensions and places to their side. But the sentiment of indignation against English rule was germinating. Surprise can hardly be entertained that Ireland did not cherish affection for a suzerainty which was employed for little else than to turn Ireland into a pension reservoir for Court favourites.

The riots which arose on the carrying out of the sentence upon John Wilkes for his Essay on Woman, come within this volume. Accounts may be read of the manner in which the mob at one time took violent possession of the coach in which this particularly worthless demagogue was being conveyed to the King's Bench Prison. The carriage had reached the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, when, "on a sudden, a number of persons took off the horses, turned the coach round, and, with an expedition beyond conception, drew the coach through the Strand, through Temple Bar, into the City, so that stopping it was impracticable." The prisoner was in the course of the night safely lodged in gaol; but the Secretary of State was grievously offended at the rescue, and petulantly reproved the magistrates. The Wilkes riots were not the only disorders at this time. Various trade agitations against lowering the rate of wages kept breaking out, to the alarm of the town. In May, 1768, the merchant sailors struck for thirty-seven shillings a month wages. They intercepted ships at Gravesend and elsewhere on the river, unmanned them, and incapacitated them for going to sea. From five to six thousand assembled in Stepney Fields. The watermen threatened to join them, as did also the coalheavers. Of the latter, several were executed for rioting in July 1768. It was the opinion of Sir John Fielding, the Bow Street magistrate, that the coalheavers laboured under "some grievances which require Parliamentary aid or redress; for they have been tossed about between undertakers, register offices, and other interested agents, greatly to their injury." Distress among the working classes spread soon to the tailors and the coopers. Parliament was alarmed by the tailors' threat to march to Westminster to present a petition. Sir John Fielding and other magistrates met them on their way and persuaded them to disperse. Loom-cutting was a favourite amusement of the working man out of employment. Several of the offenders were executed. Spitalfields was selected by the Secretary of State for their place of execution, that having been the scene of their crime; but the Sheriffs were exercised in mind on the lawfulness of conducting an execution in an unusual spot. Throughout the numerous notices of these disturbances the name of Sir John Fielding constantly occurs. He acted apparently more nearly after the manner of a Chief Commissioner of Police than of a modern stipendiary magistrate. So far as can be judged from the references to his proceedings, he possessed infinitely more tact and intelligence in dealing with popular excitements than the whole Cabinet.

Some curious incidents are mentioned showing the stage which public opinion had reached in regard to the freedom of labour. Sir John Fielding thought the coalheavers were hardly treated in point of wages. But he would probably have sympathized with the public spirit of a certain tedious gentleman named Samuel Garbett, who is always persecuting the Secretary of State in this volume on the subject of ironworkers and Cornish miners who had emigrated to Sweden. Mr. Samuel Garbett thought that the Secretary of State ought to punish these runaways and their seducers. But we do not read that he had any success. Some men who had fled from the Carron works were outlawed. They were so hardened as to tell the chaplain at Gothenburgh that they could make more money there than in their native country. They showed their contumacy by actually boasting that they "did not care for the outlawry." In one case the Government interfered with effect. Cator, a coach spring maker had established a manufactory of those and other steel goods in Holland. On returning to England to engage more workmen he was arrested. The British Minister at the Hague was required "to take steps to compel a companion of Cator's to return, so that the manufactory might be completely broken up." Frequent references to capital sentences indicate how severe and even savage the law at this time was. If our indignation at these atroci-

* *Calendar of Home Office Papers of the Reign of George III., 1766-1769.* Edited by Joseph Redington, Esq. London: 1879.

ties in the name of justice could be heightened, it would be by the means through which a feeble lenity was occasionally infused. Members of Parliament are seen in the "Calendar," perpetually requesting pardons at the instances of constituents. Thus Mr. Morier, the member for Launceston, is very earnest for the pardon of a wrecker eighty years old. He "need not explain to Lord Shelburne the situation one is in with voters of boroughs just before a general election, and how apt they are to fancy one has not done one's utmost if one fails of success in a point that they have set their hearts upon." If his intercession cannot be granted, he asks "the favour of an ostensible letter," showing he had exerted himself. The strangest point in this chase after a reprieve is that a member for Launceston should have thought a wish of his constituents worth troubling himself about. Morier obtained his "ostensible letter." But that was all. The King answered that he must defer to the opinion of the judge. As the judge had not recommended a pardon to a man "guilty of the inhumanity of plundering the distressed," His Majesty remained obdurate. Nothing can be more creditable than the King's deference to the judges. We may nevertheless think the "inhumanity" of stealing from a wreck a piece of rope was more than equalled by the inhumanity of hanging an old man of eighty for the act. On one occasion even a judge professes himself shocked at the "carnage" when he leaves for execution three men he had been obliged to sentence for a single crime. The penalty of transportation was beginning to suggest itself as a substitute for death. But it was more unpopular with many convicts than the gallows. This volume contains a remarkable memorial from Robert Webber, in Maidstone Gaol, to Lord Shelburne, complaining that, after sentence of death, he had been reprieved by the judge, "which he did not ask for nor desire." He hopes "the law will not be broken by transporting him, death being all he requires." Mr. Webber, moderate as were his desires, remained a victim of illegality. He received for answer that "His Majesty can pay no regard to his application, and has confirmed the sentence last passed upon him." Perhaps an even more extraordinary commutation of sentence than the tyrannical lenity to Mr. Webber is a case mentioned in this volume in which the King grants the petition of one John Benham, a housebreaker, for a pardon "on condition of undergoing the amputation of one of his limbs, in order to prove the efficacy of the styptic medicines discovered by Mr. Thomas Pierce." The operation was to be performed in the Old Bailey. At its end "the prisoner is to be considered no longer in custody." The law was notoriously hard upon thieves and forgers. Where a great crime had been perpetrated, justice was not always so vigilant. The "Calendar" contains more than one reference to the case of Mrs. Ogilvie, a lady who had been convicted at Edinburgh of incest and poisoning her husband. Three weeks after she had been confined of a child, and within a week of the day appointed for the execution, an under-gaoler was bribed to let her escape. Her flight was not discovered till the next day. Disguised in man's clothes, and with relays of four horses day and night, she pushed on from stage to stage to Durham, by which time her pursuers got tired of the chase. It is significant that nothing further is recorded of any attempt to recapture her.

Great names and small names jostle each other amicably in these pages. The small, however, like that of Wilkes, occupy more space than the great. One paragraph notifies a request by Mr. Secretary Conway to the Postmaster-General to allow all the privileges of free postage to Mr. David Hume, whom he has appointed Under-Secretary of State. References to official letters from the new Under-Secretary follow at intervals, but the great historian and metaphysician was too sensible a man to reveal in his official correspondence either the historian or the metaphysician. Another paragraph records a memorial from Principal Robertson on behalf of the Edinburgh Professors for an increase of their salaries. Another relates a complaint of Lieutenant Cook, of Her Majesty's ship *Endeavour*, of insolence shown to him and Mr. Banks at Rio de Janeiro. His vessel's claim to be a King's ship was denied by the Portuguese, and the commander accused of smuggling. Great events and small exhibit the same disproportion in regard to the space they occupy in a Secretary of State's correspondence as great men and small men. The affairs of the Isle of Man, then newly taken over by the Crown from the Duke of Athole, monopolize more room than the mutterings of the coming storm in the North American colonies. The grievance of the Manx Viceroy over his salary of 600*l.*, which was long in arrear, and the insubordination of the Commander of his Forces—a certain Major Pennington—meander up and down through the six hundred pages as if they were serious affairs of State. Long bickerings between the naval commander on the Mediterranean station—a Commodore Spry—and the Emperor of Morocco, on the right of Gibraltar to be victualled from the Moorish coast, take up much room in this catalogue, and doubtless fill whole shelves in the Record Office. A glance over the volume shows how small a proportion of public business goes definitely to the making of history. All the details together, trivial and critical, are needed to produce the due general impression. But the events are few which seem to retain active life in them. A circular from Lord Weymouth is to be found in the volume, in which the Secretary of State requests British Ministers at foreign Courts to send to the writer of the *London Gazette*, which was asserted to be losing its subscribers for want of foreign news, "such articles of intelligence as may appear proper for that paper." They are to take especial care never

to send "anything concerning the authenticity of which there is the smallest doubt." It might reward the labour of turning over files of the *Gazette* while Lord Weymouth was in power to discover how much of the foreign intelligence which this appeal produced remains now either interesting or true.

GEORGE COMBE ON EDUCATION.*

IT is difficult to congratulate Mr. Jolly on the form he has chosen to keep alive the memory of the work done by George Combe for education in these kingdoms. A full-sized octavo volume, extending over considerably more than seven hundred pages, and made up of extracts and selections from a great number of books and documents, partly published and partly unpublished, composed at many different times and involving a good deal of repetition, is not likely to attract many readers beyond a circle of enthusiastic specialists which we cannot suppose very large. Neither can we agree with the editor that Combe's writings will be much consulted hereafter for practical purposes. Together with a few other indefatigable workers, he fought strenuously and constantly against prejudices the strength of which already seems inexplicable to us, but was a very serious matter only a generation ago. The work was uphill at the time, and hope must often have been near failing. But its fruit was silently growing, and we are now in the comparatively secure enjoyment of it. We take the good things of life as our birthright, and forget the toil of our fathers who won them for us. It is right and fitting that men should be found to remind us of their deeds and procure just honour for their names. But their work has been done once for all; it is for us not to go back upon it, but to continue and improve it. In this case George Combe had to do with opponents who distrusted every suggestion of improvement simply because it pointed to innovation, who feared and disliked every kind of knowledge they were not familiar with, and who thought it certainly indecent and probably irreligious for children to learn so much of the structure and functions of their own bodies as is necessary for understanding the elementary rules of health. At present elaborate argument on these points is no longer needed. What we most want is to organize practical teaching in accordance with principles which nearly all competent persons regard as established. We have to overcome not active opposition, but the inertia of inveterate routine. For us, therefore, it is more interesting to see what Combe achieved in the way of actual experiment than to spend much time on his dissertations. These no doubt have their interest, but it is rather a personal and historical one; they show us how much Combe was in certain respects in advance of his time, and also how little he suspected that the power of scientific method was about to be extended to studies which he slighted as merely verbal.

The one point of reform on which Combe insisted most strongly was the recognition of physiology as holding an important place in education; for the teacher, as enabling him to discern weakness, ill-health, or real incapacity from idleness or perversity, and to administer training and discipline accordingly; for the learners, as enabling them to appreciate and obey with intelligence rules of conduct which otherwise would appear as arbitrary commands, besides furnishing them with knowledge of the highest importance and the most constant application in after-life. So far he has won the day, and the complete gathering of the spoil is only a question of time. But Combe also held strongly by the physiology of mind, not only as a real branch of knowledge in itself, but as a kind of knowledge fit to be used in education. And for Combe the physiology of mind meant the mapping out of the surface of the brain into so-called organs of supposed mental faculties, commonly called phrenology; in fact, he is more generally known as a phrenologist than by his work in the general cause of education. It also appears that the teaching of phrenology in schools founded under Combe's direction, and the application of the theory to moral and mental discipline, was found to produce salutary effects. Believers in phrenology will, of course, conclude from this that their supposed science is a true science, and that Combe knew better than the vast majority of philosophers and physiologists who have rejected its claims. Impatient votaries of modern science may perhaps be tempted to assume that nobody who takes phrenology seriously can really have deserved well of mankind, and to conclude that Combe must have been a fanatic or a charlatan. We adopt neither of these conclusions; but find in this part of Combe's work a moral not unlike that which G. H. Lewes found in the speculations of Gall, from whom phrenology took its rise. We say that, as a theory of physiological psychology, this mapping out of faculties on the skull is not only inadequate but exploded; not only insufficient, but a wrong kind of theory altogether; and this not as our particular opinion, but as the result of the whole course of modern psychology. But we also say with Lewes that even a crude and erroneous form of mental physiology is a good deal better than none; and this appears to be sufficiently borne out by what may be found in this volume touching the results attained in practical education by Combe and those who acted with him. And, although the reports are on the face of

* *Education: its Principles and Practice, as developed by George Combe.* Collated and Edited by William Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

them trustworthy, we do not forget to allow for a possible colouring of enthusiasm in the reporters.

On the theory of education Combe's opinions were such as would even now be called, as a whole, advanced. Not only did he refuse, at a time when the principle of State aid to elementary education was yet a novelty, to be content with anything less than a national and universal scheme, but on some points he went much further than is generally thought practicable at this day. He aimed at making education not only compulsory and unsectarian, but free; in fact, the principles he lays down are precisely those which the Education League started with in 1870. On the education of women Combe has some forcible remarks; he pleads for giving them a real and solid education, including such knowledge of the laws of human life and health as will make them fit to bring up their children. As to the elements of anatomy and physiology, he found it needful to protest that "it is a great error to suppose that these studies are necessarily shocking and indelicate." Combe also discusses the relative merits of linguistic and scientific instruction, which is in effect the question still being hotly discussed between the advocates of a modern education, as it is now called, and the classical system which has been in possession since the Renaissance. He gives his voice decidedly (like Mr. Herbert Spencer and several other recent authors on the subject) for assigning the first place to scientific training. In protesting against a narrow and exclusive devotion to Greek and Latin he not unnaturally overshot the mark. That literature as such can have any value in education seems never to have occurred to Combe; nor did he perceive, as we have already hinted, that the study of language was itself becoming a science of no mean importance. We are now able to see that the question is not what it appeared to be in Combe's time. We are not bound to choose between teaching Latin and Greek in the old fashion and teaching modern languages and science; our hope is that the contact of the new subjects will put fresh life into the old ones, and that our children will not cease to learn Latin and Greek, but will learn them in a more rational way than we did, and use the time thus economized to learn science also. And the teaching of science will require just as much vigilance as the teaching of classics, after its novelty has worn off, to prevent it from lapsing into an unintelligent routine in which a lip-memory for words is made to pass muster for genuine knowledge of things. Herein is the great merit of Combe's exhortations, that he always had clearly before him the necessity of making instruction real and thorough, whatever the subject. It may be supposed, perhaps, that the danger to be combated arises only when the more difficult subjects are reached. Surely reading and writing and Latin accident, and the elementary school subjects generally, are simple things which there is only one way of learning. This is a great mistake, as we shall show by two examples. Probably any school inspector could produce twenty such; but specific examples are always more convincing than generalities, and these two happen to be within our own knowledge.

A boy of fair intelligence had passed through the Board School of a village in North Devon, and professed to have learnt, among other things, geography. He knew the leading points of the coast down to the Land's End, and had some notion of its configuration as far round as Plymouth; this, however, he had acquired not from the school, but as matter of common local knowledge. Bristol he knew vaguely as being "up Channel." But of London, and even of Exeter, he knew barely the names. He had no conception of their distance from his village, in what direction they lay, or how he would set about going to either city. Plainly this boy's instruction in geography had not been real; it had never been made to fit on to his working knowledge and serve the uses of life. Very likely, instead of beginning with the large-scale Ordnance map of his own parish, and learning to read a map and understand its significance by means of names and places already real to him, he began with the world in hemispheres, and had been bewildered with maps of continents and countries on half-a-dozen different scales. But how this might have been, and whether as a makeweight for knowing nothing of Exeter he had learnt to repeat by rote statements about Moscow and Pekin, the inquirer omitted to ascertain. Our second instance is from London. A boy came fresh from school to a clerk's place, having passed the Sixth Standard, and with excellent testimonials. The first thing that was discovered about him was that he could not read ordinary handwriting except with difficulty, and consequently was all but useless for copying documents. His mistakes, moreover, were of a servile and unintelligent character. A defect of this sort can be accounted for only by mechanical and superficial instruction, and further implies imperfect testing of the results. The Sixth Standard is intended, we believe, to secure not only the mechanical operations of reading and writing, but the performance of them with a fair amount of understanding. In this case, at any rate, the object was not attained.

In the appendix to this book there are some interesting extracts from the reports of a school at Edinburgh founded by Combe, which was carried on for some years with great success, but discontinued for want of a competent successor to the first master. Discipline was preserved almost entirely by moral authority, the public opinion of the school itself being largely trusted to assist the teacher. Nothing was learnt by rote but arithmetical tables; and the children were encouraged not only to bring their own intelligence to bear upon their lessons, but in the advanced

classes to give lessons to one another and offer criticisms upon them, and now and then on the lessons of the master himself. The master made a point of not affecting omniscience or evading questions he was unable to answer, and incurred no loss of respect by thus treating his pupils as rational beings. Instruction was given as much as possible by object-lessons, and the children were led to take an interest in their own education by having the objects and advantages of their training explained to them. Schools on similar principles were founded at Glasgow and elsewhere in Scotland, and some of them were kept up till they were absorbed in the national system by the Scotch Education Act. There are now in London certain Birkbeck schools, connected with the Birkbeck Institution, and founded by Mr. William Ellis, apparently not with the direct co-operation of George Combe, but with his approval; and the results are stated to be highly satisfactory, though no such details are given as of the old Edinburgh school. If it be asked why model schools of this kind cannot be multiplied faster, the answer is a simple one. It is not merely or chiefly a question of expense. Before we can raise our elementary schools to a high level, we must produce a sufficient number of really competent teachers. If we are to have an efficient army, we must understand that the art of war is a serious and difficult study, and soldiers are not made in a day; and if we are to conduct an effective warfare against ignorance, we must make up our minds that education is a thing to be taken seriously, and teaching a vocation that does not come by nature.

GLORIA.*

THE heroine of *Gloria* may be exactly described in the terms of the famous epitaph on the cousin of the Earl of Cork. Like that lady of quality, she "was bland, passionate, and deeply religious, she painted in water-colours, and of such are the kingdom of heaven." Could Miss Yonge be worked up to an Iberian pitch of extravagance, could she exchange her simplicity for a tumid style, and could she, finally, for her interest in the High Church movement exchange a wild devotion to the Roman Catholic Church, she would greatly resemble the writer of this story. We do not know the name of Don Perez Galdós, but it seems that his works have of late attained some notoriety in Spain. He is in some sort a disciple of Manuel Fernandez y Gonzalez, whose romances have for the last thirty years delighted the lads and maidens of Madrid. What a Spanish novel-reader craves above all things is action and adventure. The hero must violate all laws, human and divine, except faith in the Catholic religion, and he must be brought, a saved and glorified creature, back to the fold at last, because he is, and ever has been, a believer. If we can judge from a poor translation of one of his works, Galdós is a less brilliant and entertaining writer than Fernandez y Gonzalez, but he is even more devout. His personages behave like religious marionettes. They stamp and knit their brows at the sight of a Protestant, they shriek and turn livid when their daughters shake hands with a Jew, and altogether they disport themselves in a manner very edifying and bewildering.

Gloria is discovered inhabiting the distant town of Ficobriga, somewhere in Asturias. The place she lives in is picturesquely described, and is a handsome old house in the midst of a very poor and dilapidated market town. When the curtain rises the Señora Gloria de Lantigua, in company with her papa, Don Juan, is very eagerly awaiting the arrival of her uncle, Don Angel, who is a bishop, with a character directly founded upon that of the pious prelate known to all readers of *Les Misérables*. The person of Gloria was all that could be desired; her eyes were as black as sorrow, however black that may be; she was eighteen, she was pale, "her granate lips were the sweetest fruit that the tree of beauty can offer to the hungry fancies of love." Over those two meteors, her eyes, fluttered long, glittering lashes. But her engaging exterior concealed some trifling faults. Gloria was generous, innocent, and affectionate, but she held unsound views regarding the Spanish classics. Her father gave her "a good dose of Calderon," but the judgment she passed upon him was less favourable than that of Shelley. She thought, in her boldness, *Don Quixote* should have ended differently. She detected mysticism in Quevedo, just as some English divines scent out the Arian heresy in Milton. In short, she was exceedingly critical and irreverent in her attitude towards the masters of Spanish literature, and her father shuddered at the audacity of her scepticism. He himself was a jurist of devoted piety, splendid conservatism, and an acumen which wore out its sheath, his body, with the rapidity of its action. His brother the Bishop was loved, feared, worshipped, and courted more than any other person in the province. All the inhabitants of Ficobriga adored the Bishop, except some few infidels and moral lepers; these he sought and embraced, and sent them away loaded with money. His smile was the most holy thing in Ficobriga; a great many people wept copiously whenever the Bishop smiled. But in the train of the Bishop on the particular occasion of which we speak, there came a young layman, with an elegant carriage and a saffron beard, who used his brilliant pen exclusively in the service of the Church, and who had come down hoping to be elected to represent Ficobriga in the Cortes. He also aspired to the maiden

* *Gloria*. A Novel. Translated from the Spanish of B. Pérez Galdós, by Nathan Wetherell. 2 vols. Remington & Co.

hand of Gloria, who never until now had thought of love, except to blame its vagaries in the romantic poets.

Don Juan favoured the suit of the young Don Rafael del Horro, and recommended his daughter to marry him. She, however, was indifferent, and before she could make up her mind an extraordinary incident occurred. Gloria felt convinced that somewhere there was prepared for her a great love, very different from the easy toleration she felt for Don Rafael; and, while she was still struggling against this curious conviction, a terrible storm broke over Ficóbriga. All the persons engaged in the novel were exposed to this storm, but not all in the same place. Gloria was exercising charity, while her father, her uncle, and his suite were gallivanting upon the sea-shore. Far out at sea an English steamer was discovered in stress of weather; she was wrecked before their eyes, and one lifeless form was driven to the shore close to the amiable group of ecclesiastics. The curate, Don Sylvester Romero, whose countenance, as we are told again and again, was hard and sensual like that of a Roman Emperor, dashed into the spray, and dragged out the still breathing body of a young man of surpassing beauty, who was shortly laid in one of the best beds of the Lantigua mansion. Upon this interesting stranger Gloria lavished every species of courteous attention, and it soon became borne in upon her that this was the expected ruler of her heart. The shipwrecked man's name was Daniel Morton; but, although of English extraction, he was an inhabitant of Hamburg. We may pause here for a moment to give, as an example of the extraordinary style of the translator, a passage from the description of Don Sylvester:—

He had first seen the light in that rude region of Europe (so called) where man seems to retrocede to the primitive venery ages, disputing the soil with the beasts of the field, and where it is doubtful whether possession will ultimately fall to dexterity or to force. A man of enterprise, agile, valiant, daring, he had defied the grisly bear, with other young men of the country. He had familiarized himself with precipices, ravines, torrents, and all that broken, mountainous ground which looks as if it had not since the cataclysm finished taking its definite form, but was content with its savage condition.

Gloria overheard the exemplary Don Rafael say that he thought she was not worth taking so much trouble about, and she promptly declined the honour of his hand. She and all her family became deeply exercised about the religious views of Daniel Morton. The jurist and the Bishop successively failed to convert him; and, when Gloria attacked him, he perfidiously made love to her. It was decided that so obstinate a Protestant must be packed off, and away he went in his darkness of heart. But he organized clandestine meetings with Gloria, and became as passionately in love with her as she with him. At last they had a stormy religious discussion under the trees; he would not promise to become a Catholic, and she would not see him again unless he did; so they agreed to part for ever. As Daniel Morton had no scissors, he gnawed a tress of Gloria's ample *chevelure* with his teeth, and then rode away, his head resting upon his breast.

But it was not far away that he rode. He remained near enough to Ficóbriga to plan another clandestine meeting with Gloria, not this time in a shady grove. On the occasion of a very violent storm, when, as before, all the characters in the novel, except Gloria, were subjected to the fury of the elements, he paid her an afternoon call, with the direst results for the family honour. In the midst of their guilty transports Daniel had the want of tact to tell Gloria that he was a Jew. Now it would appear that the "Modern Hep, Hep, Hep" is at the height of its vogue in Ficóbriga, and Daniel could not, by any ingenuity, have devised a circumstance more damning in the eyes of his mistress. She fainted, after a brisk spurt of theology; and when, in the words of the author, "she opened her eyes and saw by her side those characteristically Semitic features," her black eyes threw out sparks of fire. She called him "abominable sectarian" and "vile impostor," and really behaved in a very unladylike way. Meanwhile her father, Don Juan, had also discovered that Daniel was a Jew, and burst into the room. Things now began to look serious. "Gloria gave a fearful shriek"; Don Juan felt the earth receding under him, and struck the ground heavily with his venerable white head. The Bishop "displayed indications of wrath" for the first time in his glorious career, and Daniel Morton retired as best he could. Don Juan, however, had hit his venerable white head to some purpose, and was found to be quite dead.

From this point the plot ceases to be rational. In the course of the nightmare which is called the second volume, Gloria is tended by a latitudinarian uncle, called Don Buenaventura, and an aunt named Serafinita, who suffers from what the translator, with a flash of genius, calls "the religious fidgets." Gloria, who has now become the mother of a boy, leads a sad life between her aunt, who wishes her to become a nun, and her sinful uncle, who would like to see her married to Daniel. The heroic Hebrew returns to Ficóbriga, but is badly treated by all the inhabitants, who will not give him bread or lodging, although he has an ungentlemanlike habit of strewing gold pieces about the streets. He goes off to England, and in due time returns to Ficóbriga, this time with a professional English boxer, who makes splendid havoc of a procession. The "rubicund foreign giant," as this minion is called, routs the mayor and his attendant priesthood, until the crowd, recognizing his master, paralyzes him by shouting "The Jew! the Jew!" The aunt of Gloria hears this sinister cry, and the result to her nervous system is very serious:—

Four memorable moments of bewildering amazement and transcendent

pain had that virtuous lady suffered in the course of her tragic life. First, when she witnessed the death of her mother. Secondly, when her infamous husband committed the vile and cowardly action of striking her in public. Thirdly, when, without any preparation, the news of her brother Juan's death and of Gloria's ignominy was suddenly broken to her. And, fourthly, when she heard shouted, in the church of Ficóbriga, "The Jew! the Jew!"

However, the immediate effect of that shout is beneficial, for "the most florid of English boxers" at once succumbs, and is locked up in prison, from which the author forgets to release him. Then wild work begins. Gloria steals out at midnight to visit her child; Daniel captures her and takes her home; Don Buenaventura persuades him to become a Christian, while Dona Serafinita persuades Gloria to start for the nunnery. At the last moment Daniel consents, when suddenly his mother, a tigress of a lady, named Esther, appears on the scene, and, in order to save him from apostasy, swears that he has committed forgery and has robbed his own father. He is again hunted from the house, and again Gloria, stealing out to see her son, is captured by him. This time they have a very long theological discussion, at the end of which Gloria's "lovely face became extinguished like a red-hot coal cooling and leaving a beautiful calm cinder," and so she died. And the moral of all this is that "we may all aspire to the realization, as far as it be possible, of the dreams of the loved one of Ficóbriga and the madman of London"—a consummation devoutly to be prayed against.

It may be that something of the absurdity of *Gloria* is due to the English translator. There are signs of elegance and of a polished style in the ruined architecture that Mr. Wetherell gives us. But the plot of the story and the development of the characters must be the property of the Spanish original, and they do not inspire us with respect for the talent of Don Galdós. It seems that his novels are very popular in Spain, and that this particular specimen has found translators in German, Italian, and Dutch. Perhaps the Dutch like this sort of thing, by way of contrast; but we cannot encourage Mr. Wetherell to introduce Don Galdós any more to the English public.

A HUNTING EXPEDITION IN THE TRANSVAAL.*

THEY say that, if you only keep a thing long enough, you are sure to find a use for it at last, and the annexation of the Transvaal and the Zulu war have suggested the publication of the narrative of these hunting adventures which seem to have taken place some nineteen years ago. We do not know that they throw much additional light on the country through which Senhor das Neves travelled, or on the savages whose acquaintance he made; but the modest story is pleasantly told, and the translation appears to us to be admirably done. At least we recognize that touch of old-fashioned formality in the style which is characteristic of the well-bred Portuguese or Spaniard; while, by some train of associations which we should find it difficult to trace, we are reminded of many of the quaint turns in Lane's translation of the *Arabian Nights*. The districts which Senhor das Neves describes are those that lie between Delagoa Bay and the northern frontiers of the Transvaal. Besides the courage and presence of mind which never seem to have failed him, he had one grand qualification for successful adventure and exploration. He got on excellently with the natives, not only securing the attachment of his followers, but soothing the susceptibilities of the chiefs with whom he had to treat for the right of passage. On the whole, he gives us a most favourable impression of the Zulu tribes and their neighbours. They seem to have been decidedly less grasping than the races further to the north; they appreciated confidence and liberal treatment, behaving to their white visitor as he behaved to them; and he speaks in as high terms of their looks and physique as of their manhood, dash, and warlike qualities. He formed ties of personal friendship not only with some of the hunters from the coast who accompanied him, but with others whom he came across in the course of his peregrinations. On the other hand, the author denounces in no measured terms the corruption, supineness, and gross incapacity of the officials who administered the Portuguese province of Lourenço Marques. Lourenço Marques, we may explain, is the district which is known to Englishmen as Delagoa Bay. He charges the authorities with shameless oppression of their countrymen, who had no means of obtaining redress; and, as he complains of having been himself deprived of the fruits of years of industry, we may assume that some deep personal grievance was also in his mind. He taxes them with conniving at the slave trade after its formal abolition; and, as to that, we imagine there can be no question. And he points to the disgraceful condition of the town and port as a proof of their culpable neglect of their duties. In fact, all his sympathies are with the Boers of the Transvaal, who have seen their efforts at developing their extensive territory paralysed by the indifference or hostility of the Portuguese. In place of contenting themselves with raising grain sufficient for the support of their households, the Dutchmen might have cultivated coffee, cotton, and sugar, had there been any outlet for their produce. But, if they had constructed decent roads to the Portuguese frontier, they would have found no communications

* *A Hunting Expedition in the Transvaal.* By D. Fernandes das Neves. Translated from the Portuguese by Marianna Monteiro. London: Bell & Sons. 1879.

thence to the sea. As for the projected railway, that must come in time; but as there is next to nothing to be carried by it, in the meanwhile simple waggon roads would suffice. Senhor das Neves was writing of course nearly twenty years ago, but nothing has greatly changed since then. And, as he says that it is the manifest destiny of the Dutch to become masters of the Portuguese seaport sooner or later, we may assume that the reversion of that destiny has been conveyed to ourselves, in virtue of our recent act of appropriation. He talks of the Boers in very flattering terms—we shall take an opportunity of referring afterwards to his account of their dashing campaign against Dingaan—and on that point we may remark that Mr. Aylward, the author of the latest English work on the Transvaal, is entirely at one with him.

Senhor Neves, having somehow been ruined, had resolved to retrieve his fortunes by hunting elephants and trading in ivory. But if he had lost his capital, he must have kept his credit; for the outfit of the expedition must have been enormously costly. His force of carriers and camp followers, all told, amounted to a total of 253, and he had several professional hunters on the strength of his establishment at proportionately high pay. Each of these men was supplied with so many rounds of ammunition and a certain quantity of powder, besides being armed with heavy elephant guns; while of course great stores of cloth and beads had to be laid in for current expenses and the purchase of ivory. The natives of the Zulu race with whom he had to deal appear to have been on the whole unsophisticated and amicably disposed. The ordinary course of proceeding was to offer the chief of the district a roll of cloth in the way of tribute. Then the chief sent the traveller a quantity of provisions, and probably threw in an elephant's tusk by way of present. He received in turn a handsome acknowledgment of his generosity; while the dealing for any quantity of ivory he might happen to have on hand was an affair to be arranged by more deliberate bargaining. What strikes us as odd is the title of "secretary," which the author invariably bestows on the factotum of the headman of each petty district. In a country where neither high nor low have the faintest ideas of the elements of orthography, these officials would seem to be thus styled on the "lucus a non lucendo" principle, and remind us of the bookkeepers on the West Indian plantations, so called because they had nothing to do with bookkeeping. Although the author was an excellent shot, and never lost his nerve, he seems always to have remembered that his expedition was one of business, and did not care to risk himself for the mere excitement of sport. But nineteen years ago big game must have been very plentiful in those parts, and his hunters seldom came home empty-handed. He gives some useful hints as to how you may judge when it is worth while to follow up a wounded elephant. If the animal drops to the shot, but quickly gets on his legs again, you may spare your pains. He has not been touched in a vital spot, and may travel sixty miles on end without coming to a standstill. But if he stands and shivers and totters, then you may stick to the spoor. Though his strength may carry him over leagues of country, his wound is mortal, and he must drop at last. Next to the elephant, Senhor das Neves found no animal so dangerous to hunt as the buffaloes, that is to say, when they go singly or in small herds. If you wound a buffalo out of a drove, he will most likely take to flight with his companions; but if he is one of a small party, he is almost sure to charge, and it is difficult indeed to avoid his rush. An accident of the kind deprived our author of one of his best hunters at the outset of the expedition. The buffalo charged, transfixed the man's thigh, and shattered it, and afterwards trampled him under foot, inflicting severe internal injuries. The beast which is occasionally referred to by its native name of the *tuong-onhe* we take to be the eland. For its flesh was greatly appreciated, and the translator who, being a lady, is probably not very deeply versed in South African natural history and sport, describes it in a note as resembling an ox, though not so large, with horns like those of an ox and hoofs like those of a stag. And *à propos* of the savage *cuisine* Senhor das Neves surprises us by his high appreciation of the meat of the hippopotamus. When Harris and Gordon Cumming were shooting those monsters by the half-dozen in the Limpopo we do not remember that they regarded them as delicacies, though their native attendants devoured them greedily. But our author pronounces the hippopotamus to be the best of all wild beasts, and chronicles a supper with great gusto, where the liver and kidneys were basted with the fat. There is a good deal that is interesting about the lions, of whom they saw comparatively little, though the roaring often disturbed their slumbers. In the vigour of his powers the monarch of the wilds is seldom dangerous unless he is attacked, since he is never at a loss for food in a country abounding in game. But when he begins to fall into years and decrepitude he subsists chiefly on the spoils that are left by his juniors; and then, when pressed by hunger, he haunts the neighbourhood of the cattle kraals, killing any straggling cattle-keeper he may come across.

We have mentioned Senhor das Neves's story of the Boers' campaign against Dingaan—or Dingan, as he spells the name—the famous king of the Zulus. Comparing it with other authorities on the subject, we believe his account of the Dutch repulse of the Zulu onslaught to be as faithfully given as it is spiritedly told; and certainly it carries some useful lessons, by which those in command of our invading columns might have profited. Six hundred families had been migrating northward from the Orange Free State, with the purpose of settling near Delagoa Bay. When they entered the Zulu territory they sent an embassy of sixty of

their number to Dingan, who were cordially welcomed and treacherously massacred. The main body of the emigrants received by an accident warning of the impending Zulu attack. Their retreat being embarrassed by their families and cattle, they determined to stand on their defence where they were. Accordingly they formed a laager of their four hundred waggons, locking the wheels, and barricading the openings beneath the waggon bodies with *chevaux de frise* of thorny shrubs. The tarpaulin coverings were loop-holed, and a reserve of men formed an inner line on the ground within. The savages delivered three distinct assaults. It must be remembered that the Boers were only armed with ordinary muskets, though each man had a couple of these weapons. But so murderous was their fire at short range and so determined their resistance, that four thousand blacks are said to have been left on the ground either dead or dying; while three hundred more had actually fallen among the wheels of the waggons or within the circle. The Zulus fought with the desperate gallantry of which we have had melancholy experience; while the Dutchwomen, on their side, backed up their husbands and brothers with hatchets, which they used with terrible effect. The repulse was disastrous; but what completed the discomfiture of the Zulus was the use the Boers made of their horses. They followed up the retreating regiments of the savages, charging and firing repeatedly but wheeling backwards out of reach, when the Zulus turned upon them with their assegais; the consequence being that the blacks were utterly disheartened, and offered to treat for peace upon any terms. No doubt the scenes of the fighting must have been tolerably level and open country, very different from the Zululand north of the Tugela, as we have seen it depicted in our illustrated journals. Yet, considering that cavalry could be used on occasion with such terrible effect, it seems unfortunate that the regiments which have been demanded from England should be told off for simple picket duty on the frontier, while the rest of our forces are advancing into the interior in the hopes of fighting a decisive action.

CHURCH'S SPENSER.*

THIS volume, which contains the most mature work of a really eminent writer, will rank as one of the best in Mr. Morley's excellent series. Without any display of critical apparatus, it is by far the most complete study that we yet possess of the second founder of our poetry. The book follows the line of the other volumes of the series in being mainly biographical; and accordingly its divisions deal with Spenser's early life; the "New Poet" and the *Shepherd's Calendar*; Spenser in Ireland; and the history of the publication of the *Fairy Queen*. In treating the poet's early life Dean Church has much that is interesting to say about the curious influences among which Spenser came to his maturity, the pedantries of Gabriel Harvey and the other classical "reformers" of English verse, and the "highly speculative puritanical controversies which were the echo at the Universities of the great political struggles of the day." Nor has he omitted to record the lately discovered fact that Spenser before going to Cambridge was a pupil in Merchant Taylors' School, which had then recently (1561, not 1560) been founded, its master being Mr. Richard Mulcaster, celebrated both as a Latin and an English writer. This fact is established beyond question by the account-books of Robert Nowell, citizen of London, and brother to Dr. Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's under Queen Elizabeth; a charitable though somewhat ostentatious merchant, whose executors at least did the good work of preserving for us the name of Edmund Spenser as one of the six Merchant Taylors' boys who were to attend his funeral, and of assigning "to Edmond Spensore, Scholler of the m'chante tayler scholl, at his gowinge to penbrocke hall in chambridge, x." It is interesting to note also, in connexion with this early time in Spenser's career, that the Bishop of London, who, as we know, often attended the visitation of the school, was Grindal, the Algrind of the *Shepherd's Calendar*. Perhaps it was from the intercourse thus arising that Spenser selected Grindal's old college, Pembroke Hall, where Harvey was a Fellow and Edward Kirke a sizar, and where a tradition of moderate puritanism of the Grindal type seems to have lingered. Two or three points may be noticed with regard to this Cambridge time and the years that followed. First, Spenser appears to have been only partially guided by Harvey's influence in things literary; he went with him, and with the times, in the adoption of such "Italianate" conceits as the taking of the name *Immerito*, and even for a moment in essaying "the exchange of barbarous rymes for artificial verses"; but after a while the poet's truer instincts prevailed, and Spenser wrote his *Shepherd's Calendar* in English metres though under fantastic forms. It is curious to remark that some of the poems which recent research has discovered to be Spenser's earliest productions—some sonnets published in the miscellany issued in 1569 by the Flemish refugee Vander Noodt—are the translations of Du Bellay's *Visions*. Now, Du Bellay, like the English scholars, was a "reformer" in literature, and was moved by the beauty and perfection of the classical writers quite as much as were Harvey and Sidney. But the *Déffense de la langue françoise* is the very opposite to these English extravagances; it is a strong plea for national individuality and for preferring national modes of expression. Spenser was never

* Spenser. By R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's, Honorary Fellow of Oriel College. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

a pure writer of English; but, judged by Harvey's standard, he was sadly addicted to the "barbarous" heresy; he agreed with Du Bellay, in fact, whose poetry made so deep and early an impression on him. Again, to judge from Harvey's letter to Spenser (1579, quoted p. 25), it seems as though the fashions of thought at the Universities were changing as rapidly then as now. The studies, says Harvey, are no longer the same; Machiavel and Petrarch are displacing Xenophon and Plato, as they in their day displaced others; the extremes of Puritanism are no longer in favour—"no more ado about caps and surplices, Mr. Cartwright quite forgotten"; the simple and the obvious is disregarded, and, instead of it, we have "Turkish affairs familiarly known, castles built in the air, much ado and little help, in no age so little so much made of, every one highly in his own favour." We seem to be listening, not to a writer of the sixteenth century, but to a critic of University life in the last quarter of the nineteenth. But Harvey, like many a clever man who has taken the wrong turning, spoke with a certain natural soreness; he was a disappointed man, and saw himself neglected and his literary advice disregarded even by his faithful friend Spenser. And yet, although he did not know it, his influence, and that of the other Euphuists of the day, really wrought upon the "New Poet" throughout his career, and are answerable for his strange misuse of his unrivalled gifts. "In this great movement," says Dr. Church, speaking of the sudden outburst of English poetry between 1580 and 1590,

Spenser was the harbinger and announcing sign. But he was only the harbinger. What he did was to reveal to English ears as it never had been revealed before, at least since the days of Chaucer, the sweet music, the refined grace, the inexhaustible versatility of the English tongue. But his own efforts were in a different direction from that profound and insatiable seeking after the real, in thought and character, in representation and expression, which made Shakespeare so great, and his brethren great in proportion as they approached him. Spenser's genius continued to the end under the influences which were so powerful when it first unfolded itself. To the last it allied itself, in form at least, with the artificial. To the last it moved in a world which was not real, which never had existed, which, any how, was only a world of memory and sentiment. He never threw himself frankly on human life as it is; he always viewed it through a veil of mist which greatly altered its true colours, and often distorted its proportions. And thus while more than any one he prepared the instruments and the path for the great triumph, he himself missed the true field for the highest exercise of poetic power; he missed the highest honours of that in which he led the way.

The best feature of Dean Church's book is the prominence which he gives to Irish affairs and their influence on Spenser's poetry. Every biographer has of course mentioned the poet's residence in Ireland, and noticed the pamphlet in which Spenser dealt with the Irish question. But few have seen the great significance of this, and none, so far as we know, has pointed out the bearing which the poet's Irish experiences had upon the form and matter of the *Faery Queen*. In the chapter on "Spenser in Ireland" Dr. Church embodies all the most important results of Mr. H. C. Hamilton's and Dr. Brewer's work on the Irish State Papers, and the picture that he draws leaves nothing to be desired in the way of horror. In 1580 Spenser, who began to feel the need of some surer way of living than the casual support of Lord Leicester or Sir Philip Sidney, accompanied Lord Grey of Wilton, as everybody knows, to Ireland, "a country which was to England much what Algeria was to France thirty years ago." Lord Grey was a man of high character, with a reputation for mildness, "most gentle, affable, loving, and temperate," as Spenser writes of him after his death. But Lord Grey's gentleness in Ireland was the gentleness of the Red Cross Knight in his battles with Sansloy; a devotion to what he thought his duty so resolute "that it reached," as Dr. Church says, "when he thought it necessary, to the point of ferocity." What Lord Grey did and what his secretary witnessed in Ireland, from Smerwick fort to "those late wars in Munster," where he saw the poor creatures coming creeping forth from the woods and glens "looking like anatomies of death, speaking like ghosts crying out of their graves"—all this may be read in the State Papers, or as it is condensed in this chapter. "No governor shall do any good here," the author quotes from an English observer in 1581, "except he show himself a Tamerlane." In reporting a progress through Kilkenny, Sir W. Drury writes that, "the jail being full, we caused sessions immediately to begin. Thirty-six persons were executed, among which some good ones; two for treason, a blackamoore, and two witches by natural law, for that we found no law to try them by in this realm." A little later Lord Grey, that "right noble man, far from sternness," writes his report; "1,485 chief men and gentlemen slain, not recounting those of minor sort, nor yet executions by law, and killing of churles, which were innumerable." Amid all the rivalries and jealousies on both sides, among the English officials and among the Irish clans, two dominant passions remained; on the one side, implacable hatred of the Irish; on the other, implacable hatred of the English. And this is a fact of the first importance, if we wish to understand Spenser. Like all good Englishmen of his day, he regarded the Irish as godless rebels against law, against reason, against humanity, and he believed that "valiant and godly Englishmen were fighting to vanquish and destroy the empire of barbarism and misrule." These were the events and scenes among which the *Faery Queen* was written, and though the Irish element in Spenser's landscape has been often observed no one has put so clearly as Dean Church the influence which they had on the poem:—

In Ireland, he had before his eyes continually the dreary world which the poet of knight errantry imagines. There men might in good truth

travel long through wildernesses and "great woods" given over to the outlaw and the ruffian. There the avenger of wrong need seldom wait for perilous adventure and the occasion for quelling the oppressor. There the armed and unrelenting hand of right was but too truly the only substitute for law. There might be found in most certain and prosaic reality, the ambushes, the disguises, the treacheries, the deceptions and temptations, even the supposed witchcrafts and enchantments, against which the fairy champions of the virtues have to be on their guard. In Ireland, Englishmen saw, or at any rate thought they saw, a universal conspiracy of fraud against righteousness, a universal battle going on between error and religion, between justice and the most insolent selfishness.

There in actual flesh and blood were enemies to be fought with by the good and true. There in visible fact were the vices and falsehoods, which Arthur and his companions were to quell and punish. There in living truth were *Sansloy*, and *Sansloy*, and *Sansloy*; there were *Oroglio* and *Grantorto*, the witcheries of *Acrasia* and *Phadria*, the insolence of *Briana* and *Crador*. And there, too, were real Knights of goodness and the Gospel—Grey, and Ormond, and Raleigh, the Norreyses, St. Leger, and Maltby—on a real mission from Glorianna's noble realm to destroy the enemies of truth and virtue.

Much of the remaining chapters consists of a mere narrative of the publication of the two instalments of the *Faery Queen*, accompanied with extracts from that and the others of Spenser's later poems, such as the bitter satire called *Mother Hubbard's Tale* (in which Dr. Church identifies the Fox with Burghley) and the very interesting *Colin Clouts come Home Again*. The author does not spend much time, as indeed he could not be expected to do, on these minor poems, but he puts his whole strength into the few pages in which he sums up Spenser's poetical qualities. Admitting to the full the "unformed, unperfected" nature of Spenser's art, the clumsy arrangement of his poem, its affectation of old forms of language and thought, he yet asks how we are to explain the simple fact that Spenser has been at all times "the poet's poet," admired and loved by men so different and yet of such authority as Cowley, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth:—

The spell [he thinks] is to be found mainly in three things—(1) in the quaint stateliness of Spenser's imaginary world and its representatives; (2) in the beauty and melody of his numbers, the abundance and grace of his poetic ornaments, in the recurring and haunting rhythm of numberless passages, in which thought and imagery and language and melody are interwoven in one perfect and satisfying harmony; and (3) in the intrinsic nobleness of his general aim, his conception of human life, at once so exacting and so indulgent, his high ethical principles and ideals, his unfeigned honour for all that is pure and brave and unselfish and tender, his generous estimate of what is due from man to man of service, affection, and fidelity. His fictions embodied truths of character which with all their shadowy incompleteness were too real and too beautiful to lose their charm with time.

On all these points the author has many true things to say, and all will agree that they fairly meet the case. Perhaps the first two have been the most important in winning over to Spenser the suffrages of so many of the really qualified of his countrymen; and that his merits lie there is perhaps the reason that his popularity has never been wide, even at home, and that his name is nothing abroad. He is in some points a greater writer than either of his Italian models, Ariosto and Tasso, and yet, while their names are household words throughout Europe, Spenser is unknown beyond the sea. In musicalness, both of the higher and the lower kind; in the power of wandering at will through regions "informed with phantasy," and of presenting the pictures of his imagination in a clear concrete form, Spenser has no rival among our older poets. That with these great gifts he has yet failed to make his way beyond a narrow circle is the inevitable penalty which must be paid by those, whatever their genius, who set up before themselves any other aim than "that profound and insatiable seeking after the real, in thought and character, in representation and expression, which made Shakespeare so great, and his brethren great in proportion as they approached him."

THREE MINOR NOVELS.*

THE example of the three ladies whose novels we have now before us is certainly in one respect worthy of imitation; for neither of them has gone beyond the limits of a single volume. And yet we cannot see that they have been any more cramped for space in their writings than their fellow-authors who always allow themselves thrice as much room. In each of the tales before us there are the usual hero and heroine. The usual obstacles are slowly piled up to hinder their marriage for the first half of the book, and are as slowly cleared away in the second half. There is, so far as we can see, no undue or improper haste. There is no transformation-scene, as it were, just at the very end, which in a moment changes the whole posture of affairs, and in a couple of pages suddenly brings about a marriage on the hindrance of which the artful combinations of nearly three volumes had been vainly employed. Short as the stories are, it would have been very easy to make them still shorter without in any way spoiling the interest. In fact, the longest of the three is certainly the worst, though even it may compare not unfavourably with its more orthodox rivals. We do not mean to say that we should be inclined to recommend Mrs.

* *My Queen*. By Mrs. G. W. Godfrey, Author of "Dolly: a Pastoral" and "Auld Robin Gray." London: Bentley & Son. 1879.

Maid, Wife, or Widow? an Episode of the '66 War. By Mrs. Alexander, Author of "The Wooing O't," &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1879.

Valeria: a Story of Venice. London: Bentley & Son. 1879.

Godfrey's story of *My Queen*. Nevertheless, if we were inclined to read a novel, we should certainly leave on one side most of those in three volumes till we had read it. For, after all, what can a reader, with any show of reason, demand that Mrs. Godfrey does not supply? The heroine is charming, and so is the hero. She has long hair glimmering like gold over a dressing-gown of a pale, uncertain blue. What is the colour of his dressing-gown we are nowhere told. Perhaps, as he was poor, he did not have one. However, his beard was silky, short, and brown, and his forehead broad and noble. In his steel-grey eyes there was, we regret to have to say, a little devil of pride which caused a great deal of trouble. He was poor, but proud. His mother, Lady Eleanor Lyndhurst of Lyndhurst Abbey, was as poor as he, but even prouder. She owned a large estate, but she was almost overwhelmed with debt. Even the hedges on her property were, to use the author's somewhat poetical expression, unkempt. The heroine, on the contrary, Miss Sylvia Miller, was the owner of broad acres—luxuriant gardens, far-stretching sweeps of park-land, with the gleam of rippling water in the distance. She and the hero, Max Lyndhurst, were cousins. They were in love with each other. What more natural than that they should marry, and that, with her money, his hedges should at last get kempt? Unhappily there were a few obstacles in the way—obstacles which to every one but the writer of a story would have proved insurmountable. In the first place, Lady Eleanor was proud, as we have said, and had, we read, turned up her nose at her brother-in-law Mr. Miller, and his trade-gotten wealth, and would scarcely recognize the heroine's mother after her marriage. Poor though she was, she would have despised her niece as a wife for her son. Max was proud in a different way. He could not bear to be enriched by his wife. The heroine made him, if not quite an offer of herself, at all events an offer of half her property. No sooner is the offer made than "there is a bitter demon of pride flashing from his eyes, curling his lips, transforming his whole face, so that he looks like his mother—a pride that is his inheritance—cruel, stubborn, irresistible, kept in abeyance by his gentler and nobler disposition, but still there." The offer, of course, was refused. To add to the difficulties, it is discovered that he had some years before given his promise to a bailiff's daughter that he would marry her on his mother's death. Sylvia, learning this, with a spirit and dignity that well became her, at once engaged herself to a baronet—a baronet who had more money than he knew what to do with, moreover. He had on one occasion stood over her "tall and masterful, and very comely, with his passionate blue eyes flashing in the starlight." We almost wonder, considering that Sylvia was a well-read young lady, that she did not stay to examine into this really remarkable phenomenon and ascertain how it came about that the blueness of his eyes was seen by starlight. But perhaps she was so familiar with the baronets of our novelists that nothing that concerned one of their order could in the least excite her amazement.

Max goes off to join his regiment in India, engaged himself, as we have said, and leaving the heroine engaged. By this time everything has been made as uncomfortable as possible, and now the art of the writer is seen in the slow and dexterous manner in which she begins to clear away obstacles. In the first place, Sylvia keeps putting off her marriage, till at last the baronet, who for a baronet is really a very good sort of a fellow, finding that he is not loved, releases her from her engagement. Then the bailiff's daughter runs off with a lover of her own rank. Next the proud Lady Eleanor has a stroke of paralysis and dies. Her son of course comes home from India. Still the lovers are very far apart, for he is poor and as proud as ever. A convenient attack of typhoid fever removes the last difficulty. The heroine is supposed to be dying, and she wishes to see Max for the last time. Pride sinks beneath typhoid fever, and he declares his love. She of course at once begins to mend. When the reader takes leave of them they are not actually married, but they are in a fair way to be so. The hero's hedges, too, were not likely to remain another season unkempt.

In *Maid, Wife, or Widow*, Mrs. Alexander introduces us to more stirring scenes. The hero is a Prussian officer, Major von Steinhausen, who during the war of 1866 was quartered for a day or two in a Saxon family. He fell in love at first sight with the heroine, the eldest daughter of the house, who was certainly a very charming young lady. By a well contrived mystery he was not able to find out during the time he was in the family whether she was a maid, wife, or widow. She certainly seemed to be engaged to some absent lover. She might even have been married. It was possible, too, that she might have lost her husband. But, on the other hand, he saw that he might be mistaken in any belief. He ventured to propose to her. He was refused, but not in such a way as to convince him that he was not loved. For some years he loses sight of her altogether, though he had tried to find out where she was living. He does not meet her again till he returns home wounded from the French war. Then for a while he believes that she is married, while she believes the same of him. At last the mystery is cleared up and the lovers come to a thorough understanding. The plot is by no means ill-contrived, and there is much that is pretty in the story. It is a pity, however, that the author should have gone some way towards spoiling it by faults of style. What is gained, we may ask, by bringing in sentences which are neither German nor English, but yet have a certain likeness to both? She often makes servants talk after this wise:—"So soon as the

Gnadiger Herr had to supper gone." "He saw that already they had supper ended." "At a disordered table to sit is not agreeable." Any one with the help of an Ollendorff, and knowing nothing of German, could supply endless talk of such a kind as this. For instance, he might introduce two persons engaged in conversation. One might ask the other, "Have you the shoemaker's son seen?" The other would reply, "No, I have not the shoemaker's son seen, but I have the tailor's grandmother's aunt seen." The author has, indeed, this excuse, that she follows in the steps of those who ought to know better. One of our contemporaries, for instance, delights in the use of such a vile phrase as "that goes without saying." Besides this mongrel talk we have, as if to balance it, somewhat of an excess of fine language. Thus we are told that a soldier who had been ordered to wake his commanding officer at five o'clock in the afternoon entered his room with automatic punctuality. Perhaps a man who had morning after morning and year after year to call his master at the same hour might be described as having the punctuality of an automaton. But, as the author uses it, the expression is utterly absurd.

Valeria, the third of the stories before us, is also a tale of war. The scene is laid in Venice, chiefly during the year 1848. Whether ladies do wisely to take their heroes and heroines into battle we may well doubt. They must be writing about that of which they themselves have never had any experience. However, a great part of *Valeria* is given to conspirators and to love-making, and in plots and love women have generally shown themselves a full match for men. When we say that women have had no experience of war we are forgetting the heroine of this story, who disguises herself as a man and takes part in the campaign against the Austrians. But then this really tells for us, as every reader must have noticed that no woman who in a story goes into battle ever comes out alive. She is always found lying dead near the body of some lover. Not one of these Amazons therefore ever escapes to write the history of her warlike doings. Though *Valeria* herself gets killed strictly in accordance with the rules of feminine warfare, nevertheless the hero does not lose his wife. He had, it is true, been in love with her; but then she had never been in love with him. Her lover had been an Austrian officer, "a man she had first loved, then for a brief space hated, then, as she thought, murdered." He it was whom she had discovered lying dead on the field of battle. The hero marries *Valeria*'s elder sister, a very charming young lady, to whom he had been engaged throughout the story. As she, too, had had another lover, there is that pretty complication of love which is so dear to the novel-reader. For Captain Stadler was in love with Ernestine Zenar, who was engaged to Count César Foran, who was in love with *Valeria* Zenar, who was in love with Count Arnhorst, who was by no means the man for any young lady to be in love with, as "he had a touch of the Mephistopheles character in him, unscrupulous, selfish, calculating, and combined with a marvellous power of dissimulation."

The story is short and not uninteresting, while it is told in simpler language than either of the other two. We must protest, however, against the Cockney rhyme contained in the following lines:—

On, brothers, on!
Dimly breaks the dawn,
With the flashing cannon
Comes a brighter morn.

Patriots who make *dawn* rhyme with *morn* have no right to look for the sympathy of the reader if they get hopelessly beaten. Like *Cinna* they deserve to be torn for their bad verses.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE Life of Mr. Albert Gallatin (1) is a signal example of that disproportionateness—we might rather say that utter absence of the very idea of proportion—which characterizes much American biography. The life and writings of an American politician and diplomatist scarcely known by name to Englishmen of this generation, and we strongly suspect not much better known to educated Americans until this book appeared, occupy four enormous volumes of the largest size now employed in any but scientific literature. It is true that the biographer magnifies his hero's importance almost as monstrously as he has enlarged his work. Were there reason in the allegation that Mr. Gallatin filled in the public eye or in the political world of his age a place such as the author assigns to him, one huge octavo volume might not be too extensive a record of his services or too huge a burden upon the leisure, at all events, of American readers. The greatest mind, if not the greatest character, of the Revolution and of the critical epoch that immediately followed, when the present Government of the United States was in its long course of incubation, was undoubtedly Alexander Hamilton, the chief writer and thinker of the Federalists, the chief adviser of Washington, and his Secretary of the Treasury. Jefferson represented the anti-Federalists, or Republican party, and it happened that Mr. Gallatin, a clever, pliant, ingenious, pushing French speculator, who had worked his way up through the now usual steps by which an American politician climbs to Federal office, was Jefferson's Secretary of the Treasury. Upon this ground, and, so far as we can see, upon

(1) *The Life of Albert Gallatin*. By Henry Adams. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1879.

no other, the first in time of Republican financiers is to be compared with the first in time and place, in rank and genius, not only of Federal financiers, but of Federalists, the true father of the American Constitution itself. It would have amused Jefferson and Jefferson's contemporaries not a little to be told that Mr. Gallatin was the master mind of his Cabinet, still more that he was in influence and importance the rival of Jefferson himself. Gallatin was a useful subordinate of the Republican party; a Genevan by birth, a land speculator by profession, afterwards a successful diplomatist, and an intelligent keeper of the public purse in days when the duties of the American Treasury were by no means severe. But to ascribe to him the first place in the negotiation of the treaty of peace with Great Britain in 1815-16, is a scarcely less extravagant stretch of permitted biographical idolatry than the strange misconception of men and things implied in the comparison between him and Hamilton. Two of the ponderous volumes devoted to his writings (2) contain nothing but official letters; the third preserves a few such complete and coherent, if somewhat insignificant, papers, reports, speeches, and publications as are naturally looked for in a compilation thus entitled. We have, then, in these four volumes, the memoirs of a second-rate statesman who lived at a critical period; and their whole value must obviously consist simply in the preservation of historical materials out of which a future writer on the subject may pick not a few useful facts and hints, illustrating the character of greater men and the petty details of great events, more easily than he could have done out of a similar congeries of unpublished manuscripts in public or family archives. Such, indeed, is too commonly the character of American political biographies; but this is, as we said at the outset, a peculiarly striking example of their general tendency; perhaps the most extravagant instance of disproportion between subject and treatment, the gravest offence against literary common-sense, which the *lues Boswelliana* has yet perpetrated in the United States.

A much smaller and more interesting, but for different reasons not much more readable, book is Mr. Ingersoll's *History of the War Department*. (3) With the policy of this department—a most remarkable feature in American history, and a signal illustration of the power which Americans individually possess and collectively boast, but seldom exercise in their national capacity, of realizing the peculiarity of their position, and boldly disregarding as inapplicable the best-established and most universal precedents of the Old World—Mr. Gallatin had a certain connexion. The war of 1812 impressed upon American public men in general, more deeply than they cared to avow, the absurd incapacity of their raw militia to cope with veteran troops. Their victories at sea were generally owing to the vast superiority of their frigates—a class of vessels generally intermediate between our frigates and ships of the line. European nations, among whom it was a rule that a ship in the line of battle should not fire at a frigate unless provoked by the aggression of the latter, would hardly have claimed them as brilliant achievements. But the American crews were, like our own, untrained to war, regularly trained in seamanship. Their forces on land were untrained volunteers opposed to disciplined soldiers, and were beaten in every case except where, as at Bunker's Hill and at New Orleans, they were sheltered behind entrenchments temporarily or permanently inaccessible, in which victory was assured so long as the defenders had simply the skill to shoot while undisturbed by any effective return fire, and the courage not to run away till danger approached. The populace thought only of their victories and of the final result. The statesmen remembered that they had been fortunate in making peace the moment that Great Britain was able to turn any considerable portion of her strength against them. There was therefore among them a certain disposition to make provision for possible future collisions with European Powers, which the populace did not share. There were, however, other public men who understood that no attempt at conquest or serious invasion was likely again to be made by any formidable rival when once the possessions of France and Spain had been ceded; and it is perhaps the single instance in Mr. Gallatin's life of real far-sighted political genius that he was one of those statesmen who, for reasons which the people were incapable of appreciating, took the popular view that the United States could afford to dispense with a standing army, except for purposes of police. The War Department at Washington has therefore had charge of a very inconsiderable military force; and a great part of its duties, even in dealing with that force, have not been of a military nature. It displayed, however, in the Mexican conflict skill and promptitude in expansion and organization which afforded promise of the rapidity, energy, and success with which it adapted itself to the gigantic strain of the civil war. The figures given by Mr. Ingersoll deprive the North of any claim to boast over the conquest of the South by an army outnumbering its enemy at all times by three, four, five, and at last by even eight to one. But the enormous numerical strength of the volunteer armies of the North, the facility with which they were moved, supplied, and furnished with every resource that could enhance the tremendous advantage of numbers and make up for any deficiency in personal quality or enthusiasm, reflect the highest credit upon the men who from 1861 to 1865 controlled the war department. Even as

described by his friends, Mr. Stanton cannot be made to appear in an amiable or interesting light. He was scarcely less ruthless and reckless than Louvois. He was in no small measure responsible for the reintroduction into modern warfare of a license as brutal as that displayed in the devastation of the Palatinate; but he undertook, and completed with wonderful success, a task even greater than that of Louvois. He organized, not in a long reign a regular army of one hundred and twenty thousand men; but in four years a volunteer militia, tolerably effective in the field, of nearly ten times as many. It is somewhat strange to find his panegyrist—by implication, if not directly, the apologist of the wholesale destruction of colleges, public buildings, and public archives, as well as of undefended and defenceless towns and villages—fiercely denouncing the vandalism of the British invaders who destroyed the capital and executive mansion at Washington. The more interesting part of this volume relates to those non-military functions of which different military corps have naturally possessed themselves, and which occupy perhaps the largest share of the attention of the Department. Among these is the ordnance survey of a gigantic Empire, half of whose territory is hardly inhabited, and certainly not settled; the charge of various important scientific experiments and observations; and, above all, of the admirable system of coast signalling and assistance to endangered or shipwrecked vessels in which the United States may fairly claim to have taken the lead of all other commercial nations. The use of the telegraph in the protection of the Western settlements is described with wonderful terseness and graphic force in a passage written by General Myer, formerly a medical officer, and the chief organizer of the system of military signalling now in use. The line parting civilization from barbarism extends over many hundreds of miles, along which are scattered a few military posts at distant intervals. But for the telegraph these posts would be utterly inefficient; and the telegraph is chiefly effective because there are comparatively but few points at which the presence of accessible water supplies enables the Indian raiders to cross the line. At or near these they may be intercepted. If they cut the telegraph its interruption at once indicates the point where they have crossed, and brings down the troops upon them. In any case communications are instantaneously transmitted from post to post; and the troops knowing the line of invasion, are able in many cases to cut off the marauders on their retreat, with a certainty which has inspired the Indians with natural awe, and done not a little to deter them from their destructive inroads. From the same authority a most interesting account is extracted of the manner in which several ships wrecked off Cape Henry were enabled to communicate their need, by means of an international signal-code to the officers in charge of the nearest coast station; and of the method by which lines were sent out and the crews brought safely ashore, when the lifeboat could not make her way through the storm. The development of these special services is the most honourable part of the recent work of the United States Secretary for War and his subordinates, and deserves attentive study on the part of the civil authorities entrusted with similar functions in European countries.

We do not know that the superintendence and practical study of insanity is the best preparation for the formation of a sound theory of man's moral nature in its normal state, or of the relations between the highest and most complicated spiritual functions of the mind and the physical system, nervous or general. The fact that Dr. Bucke dedicates the slight volume in which he endeavours to elaborate such a theory (4) to Mr. Walt Whitman, in terms of extravagant admiration, will hardly exalt his authority in the opinion of those who may remain unconvinced by his arguments—arguments into which, within the limits of an article like this, it is impossible that we should enter. It is equally beyond our scope to do more than mention a book, even slighter, in which similar topics are treated from an opposite standpoint, Dr. Fisher's *Faith and Rationalism* (5).

Mr. Blaikie's treatise on muscular training and development (6), and on all those parts of physical education and sanitary science which are necessarily and intimately related to his subject, is of an eminently practical character; and, while it necessarily enters freely into questions medical and physiological, it treats even the latter in simple language and in a manner perfectly intelligible to men of average information. The physical training of the young is a matter better understood, or at all events better attended to, in this country than in America. There the effort of the schoolmaster is almost wholly confined to the task of imparting within a few years the largest possible amount of superficial knowledge of the great variety of subjects on which public opinion insists that the rising generation shall be more or less capable to talk, if not to think. But of the practical suggestions and the simple reasonings on which they are based not a few are quite as well worthy the attention of English as of American parents, guardians, and teachers.

Mr. Siegvolk's book (7) is more aptly described by its title than

(2) *The Writings of Albert Gallatin*. Edited by Henry Adams. 3 vols. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1879.

(3) *History of the War Department of the United States; with Biographical Sketches of the Secretaries*. By L. D. Ingersoll, Author of "The Life and Times of Horace Greeley," &c. Washington: F. B. Mohun. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(4) *Man's Moral Nature*. An Essay. By Richard M. Bucke, M.D., Medical Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, London, Ontario. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(5) *Faith and Rationalism; with Short Supplementary Essays on Related Topics*. By George P. Fisher, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

(6) *How to Get Strong, and How to Stay So*. By William Blaikie. New York: Harper Brothers. 1879.

(7) *A Bundle of Papers*. By Paul Siegvolk, Author of "Walter Ashwood." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

is often the case with works of this miscellaneous character. It is simply a bundle of papers—long and short, fanciful, critical, and narrative; written always in a clear, often in a lively and pointed style; readable, in most cases good, and telling for the most part in proportion to their brevity. The author applies a shrewd common-sense, not too deeply tinged with sarcasm or paradox, to various peculiarities of American life, as well as to the lighter class of questions, moral and social, that a critical mind may evolve out of the usages common to most civilized peoples and the necessary relations of social existence.

Mrs. Beecher's *Letters from Florida* (8), short and few as they are, are somewhat spun out, as if the writer had not much to say, and found it necessary to fill a certain number of newspaper columns. But what she has to say is practical and useful; and her recommendations of Florida, as affording a climate wherein consumptive invalids from the North may hope to recover and turn life to useful purpose, as well as a field for all who cannot find employment in the more densely peopled States and great cities of that North-east with which the authoress is best acquainted, are not, we believe, in any respect exaggerated. Unluckily, there are many such fields in America; and if the East is overcrowded, it is because its people have not the spirit to migrate, or prefer the hardships of poverty in a settled country to the risks and roughness of a life with which they have no practical acquaintance.

The *Annual Record of Science and Industry* (9) we have mentioned on former occasions. It is enough to say that the volume for 1878 contains at least as much new information upon scientific discoveries and practical inventions as any predecessor.

It has pleased a Mr. Pierce, belonging to the American army, to spend his leisure while serving in a garrison on the Pacific coast in translating the *Æneid* of Virgil into blank verse, and to print the said translation in the form of prose (10). No doubt the task has been pleasant as well as profitable; but the world would have been none the worse if the author, having done his best with the material and the powers at his command, had disposed of the finished work as the cookery-book advised the disciple who had manufactured an elaborate dish of cucumber salad to dispose thereof.

Of the three novels on our list, *Moondyne* (11) is a really clever and graphic story of rough Australian life. *On the Verge* (12), is a painful representation of those moral dangers to which the idle women of the upper and middle class are always exposed amid the society of great cities, and in which New York is as rife as any city in the world, Paris, perhaps, excepted. We doubt if any woman was ever warned by such works; while many readers are thereby familiarized with ideas that would hardly have entered into their thoughts spontaneously, and taught to dwell on subjects which they might have instinctively avoided, and upon which the fullest information can do them no possible service. *Detmold* (13), is a slighter work of perhaps higher quality.

Mr. Miller publishes a guide aptly entitled *Rapid Transit Abroad* (14), to assist that numerous class of Americans who wish to scamper over Europe as fast as possible, and to look at, if not to see, the largest possible number of sights in the shortest time. An account of the *Summer Resorts of the North-West* (15) is less ambitious, but more useful, and may serve to acquaint the British reader with not a few important and rising places whose very names are scarcely known to him.

(8) *Letters from Florida*. By Mrs. H. W. Beecher, Author of "Motherly Talks," &c. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(9) *Annual Record of Science and History for 1878*. Edited by Spencer F. Baird. New York: Harper Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

(10) *A Rhythmic-Prose Translation of Virgil's Æneid*. By Henry Hubbard Pierce, U.S.A. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

(11) *Moondyne: a Story from the Under World*. By John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: The Pilot Publishing Company. 1879.

(12) *On the Verge: a Romance of the Centennial*. By Philip Shirley. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(13) *Detmold: a Romance*. By W. H. Bishop. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(14) *Rapid Transit Abroad*. New York: J. Miller.

(15) *Summer Resorts of the North West*. Tourist Guide. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Programmes of the Performances will be forwarded by post on application to the undersigned, at the Offices of the Festival Committee, 17 Ann Street, Birmingham, on and after the 24th instant. By order,

ROBERT L. IMPEY, Secretary to the Festival Committee.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—EVENING EXHIBITION. The EXHIBITION will be OPEN in the Evening from Monday, July 22, to Monday, August 4 (Bank Holiday), from Eight to Eleven. Admission, 6d. Catalogue, 6d. On the Bank Holiday the admission throughout the day will be 6d.; on other days it will be as usual.

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THE ANNUAL DINNER of the (I.C.S.) WRENS is fixed for Tuesday, August 5, at the Criterion, Regent Circus, at Eight o'clock. All old Wrens now in England are invited. Cards will be sent to all who furnish their addresses.—Fove's square, W.

THE GOVERNMENT of the PROVINCE of ONTARIO (Canada) will receive Applications up to the Fourteenth day of August next, addressed "To the PROVINCIAL SECRETARY, care of the Ontario Agent, Canada Government Office, 31 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.," for the offices respectively of PROFESSOR of CLASSICAL LITERATURE and of CHEMISTRY in the Provincial University at Toronto. Particulars can be obtained at the above address. July 23, 1879.

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F. W. MADDEN, M.A.S., Secretary.

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